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A Y E A R ' S
J O U R N E Y

THROUGH THE
P A I X . B Â S

A N D

Austrian Netherlands.

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PHILIP THICKNESSE.

K.

V O L . I.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year M D C C L X X I V .

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THE YEAR
JOURNAL

THROUGH THE
RAIN

AND

Jos: Banks

THIRTY THREE

VOL.

LONDON

Printed by J. W. Smith

A YEAR'S
JOURNEY
THROUGH THE
PAIS BAS
AND

Austrian Netherlands.

A Y E A R S

O U R N E Y

THROUGH THE

H I L L S A N D

THE MOUNTAINS

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Brussels, member of the Imperial Academy of Belles Letters in that city, and of several other Academies; and to whom the Author and his Subscribers are obliged for the fix curious letters of Rubens, the originals of which are in his custody,

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land.

INTRODUCTION.

THE incredible number of British families now resident in Flanders, France, and Germany; and the daily encrease thereof, for want of REAL information relative to the state of those countries still prevailing, and which is so injurious to this, has induced me to publish the first volume of the following Letters, before the second can come from the press. Indeed, I had only promised those who honoured me with their names as subscribers, *one* volume, but having obtained three more original letters of Rubens, and finding that those letters, with their translations, &c. could not be brought into one volume, determined me to divide the work.—Part of the following Letters

being printed when I was at a great distance from the press, the reader is requested to correct the many errors as he proceeds; errors, too flagrant both of the author and printer, to be pointed out by an *errata*, further than to say, that ABBÉ MANN is not president, but a member only of the Academy of Sciences at Brussels; in which, though I have erred against fact, I did it from an unreflecting impulse of justice to his superior merit.—HE IS NOT PRESIDENT!! nor is his letter printed with that accuracy with which the original is written; but still it is such a letter, that with the immortal RUBENS may preserve mine, and perhaps may induce others to honour me with their names as subscribers, which will be received at my house, No. 32, opposite the Green Park, Piccadilly *; and where may be had,

Sketches

* The reason the author does not publish this volume through the hands of booksellers, is to shew his contempt to the shameful partiality and impertinence of the Monthly and Critical Reviewers, who not content with pointing out his manifold errors as a writer,
have

Sketches of the Lives and Writings of
the Ladies of France, by Mrs. Thick-
neffe, 3 vol. Price 10s. 6d.

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Queries to the *Right Hon. George Touchet,*
Baron Audley, 1s.

And where the purchasers of either of the
above-named publications, may see Count
Struenzee's head and hand.

The error in page 95, I was led into by
the CYCLOPOEDIA, which says, "*navigat*
"*Anticyras—send him a voyage to Anticyra.*"

have the insolence to speak of the errors of his life,
and yet they know him not: but now, that there
are reviews of books, by gentlemen who place their
names to what they write, it is to be hoped all men
of sense will form their judgment from such opinions,
rather than from the concealed and hired assassins of
literature, and private characters, who maintain two
booksellers in peace and plenty, who may libel every
author who does not either pay, or bribe them with
his work. A specimen of their *impartiality* will be
given in the second volume of these Letters, wherein
their own contradictions will justify what is here asserted.

A YEAR'S





P. Thackeray del.

J. Carter sc.

A YEAR'S
JOURNEY, &c.

LETTER, I.

BRUSSELS.

AS I have your authority, my dear fir,
to say, that my letters from France
and part of Spain, gave you some enter-
tainment, and information; and as I am
sure you will be glad to know that the
publication of them afterwards, proved
profitable to me, you will not wonder,
(for you know too, that I love rambling)
to find me again on this great Continent.
I am now indeed on another part of it,
the *Pays-bâs*, and though I may not travel

so far from home, nevertheless I may perhaps traverse as much ground, or rather *pavé*, as in my former year's journey, and as I intend to publish such letters, as I, from time, to time, thus address to you, it will I hope induce you to excuse my giving hints, and pointing out such artifices of mankind, which you are too well acquainted with, to be guarded against by me, while I hope the younger part of my countrymen, who travel, may be benefited thereby.

A neighbour of mine, in England, hinted to me the other day, that it was a sort of impertinent liberty, taken with the public, to *make* a book: I thought there was more truth, than good breeding, to justify what he said, as he knew I had just *made* one, I therefore gave *him* no answer, but I will observe to you, that writing a book may seem to imply, *that I know*

~~know~~ more, or am wiser than you; but I might have told my neighbour, that there is a kind of knowledge, which men of inferior understanding gain by length of days, I am as sensible of my rude neighbour's superior understanding, as I am of your polished manners and good sense, yet I flatter myself both he, and you, if you travel through the *Pays-bâs*, or Austrian Netherlands, will find some useful hints in the following letters.

If it be said, that there are several well written accounts of this country, I freely acknowledge that there are; but I believe few have been wrote by a man who made the tour, turned of his grand climacteric. Permit me to observe therefore, that there is, as I have remarked, a kind of knowledge which men of inferior understanding acquire, by seeing the wheel of life turn

round three score years, or more, which younger men of better sense, may, nay do overlook. To the younger part of my countrymen therefore, who are constantly making excursions to the continent, these letters may prove useful, for I have met with none who have escaped the impositions of the lower order of the people, and but few who have been wise enough to perceive the artifices of the UPPER; an order, by much the most dangerous in general, for a young Englishman of fortune to be connected or acquainted with. Strangers therefore who are permitted to the *honor* of eating, and conversing, with the high and mighty people of the *Pays-bâs*, should avoid playing with them; first, because they understand play, and secondly, because they do not *always*, as Englishmen do, *pay, when they loose*. If therefore, I can shew you, or such who follow

follow me, where the steel traps are laid, so that you may avoid them, you must not complain under the smart they may occasion, if you set your feet into them, with your eyes open.

But exclusive of what concerns individuals, I have a more important matter to lay before you, a matter in which the nation at large is deeply interested, especially since the peace has made the traject between our island, and this continent, so short, and so easy; for I am well assured, that since that period, not less than two thousand English families have arrived at Calais, with a view of living cheaper in a country, where taxes are not so high as with you, and where provisions, wine, &c. are said to be much cheaper. Among that number, are a great many genteel families of small fortune. I need not point

point out to you, the many evil consequences which must arise *at home*, from such emigrations, but I will and do most solemnly assure you (and those who have such *a move* in contemplation,) that they will seriously repent, if they carry it into execution, and that most of those who are on this side, and who can *conveniently* return home, will do so, and find on their return, that they are much the poorer for their *frugal plan*. They only consider, that they have fewer and less taxes to pay to the King, or to the Emperor, but they do not consider, the heavy *tax of imposition upon all strangers*, and upon Englishmen in particular, a tax much more mighty, and which falls more grievously upon them, than all our taxes put together. No man can well bear impositions with temper, and he who cannot, will seldom keep his temper

per travelling or residing either in France, Flanders, or Germany.

The idea of the riches of all Englishmen who travel, can never be rooted out of the natives of the continent, and though travelling is dear in England, I do aver, that even the Bath road to London, is not so dear as in France, or Flanders, with this difference only, that the traveller *thinks* he drinks better wine; he certainly drinks weaker, and perhaps wholesomer wine than *road port*. A few years since, it is true, a prudent Englishman might travel, or live cheaper in France than in England, but the case is altered, even at the first, and formerly, the cheapest town in France; at Calais, for instance, English cheese, and such as few Englishmen can eat, is eighteen *sols* a pound, i. e. nine pence English! Fruit and vegetables are equally dear, in short, the price
of

of every thing is considerably enhanced. Fifteen years since, I bought a pair of red slippers at Lille, for twenty-four sols, I asked the price of a pair, as I lately passed through that city, and they demanded, and would not take less, than forty-eight. I mention these trifles, to shew how mistaken those people are, who leave their own country, under an idea of finding here, a *meilleur marché*. An English gentleman, who has resided in this city five years with his family, assured me, that all the necessaries of life have encreased at least one third, within the time of his residence here.

As I have mentioned Calais, and as Calais is now the general rendezvous of most continental travellers, I must tell you that if you follow the *ton* or the *rage*, and go to the ———— My friend *Monsieur* ————, after making you a very low

low bow, if you come with you *own* carriage, and looking as grave as an undertaker at a funeral, will thus accost you.

“ I will give you *fair*, *L'dors*, says he
 “ for your guineas, and when you re-
 “ turn here, I will give you, guineas for
 “ your *L'dors*.” For he knows very well
 that but *few will return* to exchange,
 and he seldom fails being *out of English*
cash, when you do return, but he will
send out and get you—what? those very
 bank bills he gives his servant to return
 with, so that if you have not nineteen
L'dors to exchange for a bank bill,
 you must loose four or five pence on
 each, to purchase your own guineas
 back again, for when he *sends out* to
 get them changed, he *sends out* also the
means of changing them. His house in-
 deed is a good hotel, where you may

C

dine

dine pretty well: but it is the very worst house in the kingdom for breakfast, or for good wine.

When I was last there, I found two English gentlemen payin' their bill, at that house, and though they had laid down five English guineas instead of L'dors, by which he gained at least two shillings and a penny, the mercenary wretch refused to take an English crown in lieu of a French one, though the gentlemen were out of cash, and I was obliged to lend the two strangers (for so they were to me) half a guinea to release them from the clutches of that evil eyed genius,* a fellow too, who has made an ample fortune from the purses of the English nation, I will not

* *His starbord bow port* (as the Sailors say) *is barr'd in.*

not mention the names of the two English gentlemen he so meanly treated, but Mrs. Belcher at the city of London, at Dover, a good house, can testify, that they left the half guinea with her, to re-pay me ~~what~~ ——— should not have put them to the pain of borrowing,* and as the silver lion late Grandfires is now rebuilt, and a very sumptuous hotel, I shall in future use that, and leave such Englishmen of fashion and fortune, who have spirit and sentiment; to do as they please, only observing that, ——— garden is fenced in by the military hospital, the stench of which is

C 2

conveyed

* Though I lent them half a guinea, a few pence was all they wanted to compleat ——— demand, and more than it amounted to, had the fellow allowed, what he ought to have allowed for the value of the five English guineas for whoever will be at the trouble; may sell each English guinea full weight for twenty four livres ten sols, and the L'dors is only twenty-four livres.

conveyed *in, under and over*, every part of his premises.

I am, dear Sir, &c.

P. S. I shall surprize, nay startle you too perhaps, when I assure you, that from a pretty exact calculation, procured by the French Ministry from the bankers books in Paris, that the money expended or drawn for by the English in that city, *only*, amounted in time of peace to nearly a million and a half yearly! you need not therefore fear a French war in haste, but the gold carried over to France by travellers and by smugglers also, is a subject worthy of serious consideration. Monsieur ——— knows the *sweets* of the smelting pot at Lisle, and the French nation the sweets of peace, even after what they call, and I fear justly, a successful war.

LETTER,

LETTER, II.

BRUSSELS.

I Now recollect, that in my first letter I was conducting you through this country, before I had brought you safe over the *invidious streight* (as Smollet calls it) which divides little England, from this great Continent. Its but a narrow piece of water it is true, but it requires some skill in the passenger, as well as in the mariner, to pass it with ease and safely.

During the late war, some interest was used to be permitted to come hither by the way of Calais, but as that impediment will soon be removed, it is scarce necessary to say, as I otherwise would, so much against taking the passage to Ostend,
it

it being a passage attended with more danger than you *land-men* are aware of.*

An Athenian general, on his death bed declared, that he had but one act of his whole life to repent of, and that was, going by water, a journey, he could have taken by land; and such who take the way of Ostend to the Continent, who might have gone to Calais, have often occasion to repent it. Not long since, *Capt. Cannon*, commander of a Dover packet, with all the passengers, perished between Margate and that port. Ostend is on a very flat coast, and there are sands which will pick up a small vessel, two, three, or four miles from the shore; a shore which in thick weather is not to be seen, even when the bells may be heard to ring, and the

* The author was Capt. of Marines during the war 1745

the dogs to bark. Go therefore straight to the city of London at Dover, where you will find at Mrs. Belcher's, my landlady, a good supper and a good bed, and the next morning, as early as the wind, and tide will permit, go to sea, and it is ten to one but you will eat your dinner at the silver lion at Calais. I say the silver lion, for that is rebuilt, and in many respects is preferable to ———— and in the article of expence materialy so. Unless you wish to visit Ostend or Bruges, at the first of which towns there is little worth seeing, the best rout to this City, is by the way of *Ardres*, *St. Omers*, *Mount Caselle* and *Lisle*, which last city, is a noble one, and where every public hotel, is, to me, preferable to that which most of the English frequent, i. e. the Hotel de Bourbon, on the *Grand Place*. The people who keep it are rich, impertinent, and

and charged me higher, than any house on the Continent. If you have a desire to quit the title of *Milord Anglais*, Flanders is the Country in the world to buy the rank of Compte, Marquis, or even Duke. *Maréchal de Richelieu* bought when at Vienna, baronies for his two *porteurs de chaise*, and when some ladies of fashion, boasted that they had in their kitchen several French Marquisses. I believe it, replied the *Maréchal*, for my sedan chair is supported by a brace of barons.

This country however, abounds with much better subjects, I mean merchants, and manufacturers, and it is amazing, what a change the present emperor has made in a few years, by encouraging trade, routing superstition, and abolishing ancient usages. It is worth observing also, that this very able and active minded Emperor,

when

when he visited these parts of his dominions, made Brussels, (the capital of the *Pais-bàs*) the *last* town he entered, chusing to know the courtiers *first*, from their neighbours.* By his declaring Ostend a free port, it is estimated that the English smugglers alone bring to the amount of 600,000 livres monthly into that port, they bring too, ready money, and therefore the Ostenders are content with small profit, for their brandy, tobacco, tea, gauzes, lace, wine, &c.

Though I have conducted you through Lisle into the Netherlands, I will suppose you however set down at Ostend, a town now inhabited, by men of all nations,

D

where

* An English P—r now at Brussels always speaks of this great man, as a weak, absurd, wrong-headed Prince, tho' the Arch-Duchess, his sister, is continually shewing favor and pity on his family. Base ingratitude!

where as much English is heard as French, or Flemish : Surrounded with the sea, they have no good water, the harbour however is crowded with shipping, which shews it to be a place of great trade.

For fifteen pence the treckscoote, an elegant yatch, conducts you to *Bruges*, a very large city, which in the 13th century, was the principal mart in Europe, and where the merchants of all parts of the world, had houses and commercial connections ; but the frequent revolts of the inhabitants against their sovereigns, the manufacturers against their masters, and the masters against the majestates, first drove the strangers to Antwerp, and the natives, to different parts of the world. The sad effects of which are still felt, and are still visible; for Antwerp was raised on the ruins of *Bruges*, as Amsterdam is
at

at this day, on those of Antwerp.* But since Ostend has become a free port, Bruges begins to revive in her trade; it is said there are two hundred and fifty streets in Bruges, and forty thousand inhabitants, but more than ten thousand of them are supported by public charity. Several English families are settled here in the mercantile way, who are encouraged and protected in their undertakings.

The police is good, the magistrates being just, but severe, and there is no part of the Continent where strangers or natives, can travel more securely. At Bruges, an advocate is paid twenty-eight pence an hour for attendance, but the physician,

D 2

which

* It seems as if the Emperor intended to open the navigation to Antwerp; it is a shame to see so fine a river, wash the walls of so noble a city, without affording those benefits, nature has so bountifully offered her.

(which is a shame) has only a *schellen*, seven pence, for each visit! When a consultation is held, each physician has twenty-six pence, and the surgeons half that sum. The town house, the great hall, and the ancient cathedral church, are worthy of notice. At the grand altar, are three pictures by G. Segers; Philippes Champagne, and Van Ost the elder, in all of which it is said there is great merit. Here they keep two paintings by Rubens locked up, and which are only to be seen, on certain public days, one is the bust of St. Peter, the other of St. Paul, they are in high preservation, and worthy the care which is taken of them. There are other pictures in the cathedral, particularly that of St. Charles Boromè administering the sacrament, to the people dying of the plague. In this great city, there is not one private collection of pictures, there is however
an

an academy of painters, and Mr. *Suvé* educated therein, gained the prize medal at Paris in the year 1779, and another Bruges disciple, gained that of Milan the year following. Every year six silver medals are given by the present Emperor, to the two first artists of each class.

In the parish church of Notre Dame, there is a fine groupe of marble figures, as it came from the hands of M. Angelo, it was designed for the city of Genoa, but the vessel on which it was sent from *Civita Vecchia*, was taken by a Dutch privateer and carried to Amsterdam, where it was sold for a trifle, to a merchant of Bruges, who made a present of it to his parish church; they say a Lord Walpole, passing through Bruges, was so struck with the beauty of the Virgin, and the Infant Jesus on her knee, that he

he offered thirty thousand florins for it. There are also the mausoleums of *Jane de Bourgogne* and *Charles de Hardi*, and they shew you the habits she wore three hundred years since, highly enriched with jewels. In the churches of St. Giles and St. Ann, you will find several pictures which are masterly.

No street beggars are allowed to ask alms at Bruges, being otherwise provided for, there are hospitals for the sick, and a very ancient one for pilgrims, in all of which there are pictures, or something which an *Amateur*, would wish to see.

The *Hotel de Commerce* was an inn much frequented by the English, but the people who keeps it, are rich, and insolent, therefore I have used the new-inn, kept by an English family. When you have seen
what

what this town offers to the notice of a stranger, you will be, as I was, glad to quit it, for the inhabitants (quite the reverse of their neighbours the French) are all shut up within their houses, and a stranger is apt to think himself at Bruges, in a city just depopulated by the plague.

I am, &c.

P. S. Within the territories of Bruges, are the towns of Ostend, Nieuport, Dixmude, and Blankenberg, beside a number of rich *Abbayes*, several large *Bourgs* and an hundred and twenty villages. I should have told you that great tumults were apprehended, when the Emperor's edict took place, in breaking up so many convents, but on the contrary, it proved as agreeable to the people, as it did to many of the *religious themselves*.

LETTER.

LETTER, III.

BRUSSELS.

WHY should you wonder, my dear sir, that I have health, strength, and spirits, thus to move from place to place, is it not the proper season of life for such excursions? Men who commence their travels in the *beigh-day* of blood, and vigour of youth, (and very natural and excuseable it is) pursue their sensual pleasures, rather than *natural* amusements, while those who travel after the age of fifty, are at leisure to make their observations on men, manners, agriculture and the arts; but a fine woman in the eyes of a young traveller, is the most captivating object on earth, and they are apt to think all other things, whether
animate

animate or inanimate, beneath their notice. But after the same person has lived to be on the *wrong side* of fifty; nature, which has kindly furnished solace to man, in every stage of life, if he will attend to her hints, supplies him with desires, which, if not so ardent, are nevertheless more permanent, perhaps more satisfactory; at that age, he will look at the representation of a fine lady's face on canvas, with as much pleasure, as he had on the living original thirty years before, and a thousand objects which he did not think worthy of his notice at the age of twenty, will afford him infinite satisfaction.

But these considerations are trifling, in my opinion, to what I must now observe to you, relative to travelling at an age, that most men of observation and reflection, begin to see the follies, the weaknesses,

ness, the meanness, and the falseness of mankind, and to perceive that a long life, and all the joys it can offer, are not a recompence for the *pains and penalties* which accompany it, for I believe, that most men, could they have been consulted in *semina masculina*, whether they would have accepted life, knowing what life was to be, would, if it could have been declined with awful respect to that BEING who alone can give it, have declined it, I own, I should,—not, because I am not rich; not, because I have not been great; not, because I have been unfortunate (for I think that the most *fortunate* part of my life) but, because I know, that being rich or great, or powerful; are of all others the most miserable situations to man. To have nothing to pursue, nor nothing to covet, leaves the mind in a state of misery inconceivable! A state which the
rich

rich and great, affect to conceal from those over whom they play the tyrant, because they know, they are happier than themselves.

When Mr. Garrick showed Dr. Johnson his fine house, gardens, statues, pictures, &c. at Hampton-Court, what ideas did it awaken in the mind of that great and good man! Instead of a flattering compliment which was expected, Ah! *David, David, David*, said the doctor, (clapping his hand upon the little man's shoulder) these are the things *DAVID*, which make a death bed terrible.

When a certain great lady in Pall-Mall, was many months in a way that every body knew she could not recover, the words, *death*; or *danger*, were not suffered to be mentioned beneath the *royal* roof; they were too terrible to meet her ear.

Death, or *Danger*, are words which create ideas in the heads, and hearts, of kings, and rich men, which the “ *whistling plowman*” and men of little condition, like myself, are strangers to.

What man of sense, or woman of virtue is there, who will not be charmed with the reply of a young beautiful peasant's wife, who lives near Antwerp? A rich *Bourgeois* of that city, offered the girl two hundred florins, to become for one year only, wet nurse to his only child. The high wages at first staggered her imagination, but after mature consideration, she made him this, *more* than sensible reply.

“ Si j'accepterois votre offre & que j'allasse
 “ demeurer chez vous à la ville, je me ac-
 “ couterois à la bonne chere, je deviendrois
 “ paresseuse, & quand je reviendrois chez mon
 mari,

“ mari, je ne pourrois plus ni manger du pain
 “ de seigle, ni travailler à la terre; l’argent
 “ que j’aurois reçu de vous disparoîtroit, je
 “ suis heureuse aujourd’hui & je serois mal
 “ heureuse le reste de ma vie, je vous re-
 “ mercie, monsieur, de vous bontés.”

I could not help making the above digression while the poor girl’s reply, was fresh in my memory, but to return to the rich : Who are mostly in a state of dying all their days, nay, every day of their lives, while the poorer sort, having their bread to get by the sweat of their brow, or the strength of their imagination, have only to think how they are to live, and how to provide for their families. The accidental holy-day to the school boy, or city apprentice, are joys which the rich are strangers to, were I allowed to punish my greatest enemy, he should have honors, riches, power, and in short, *nothing to covet*;—
 what

what would then be the consequence? people in that condition feel it, and know it; they feel, every minute of their life, the dread of death, and they are the most wretched of mankind.

The rich man in years, therefore should travel to amuse his mind, and take off that *ennui* which wears him down more rapidly to the grave, than even time; and the poor man, like myself, should travel, to pick up matter worthy of communicating to others, and to support the expence of travelling; but that is not all, travelling, and travelling upon the Continent (with temperance in the train) is, of all others, the most conducive not only to health, but to a long life, void of bodily infirmities. The smoothness of our roads in England, the ease of our carriages, the exquisite springs they hang on, and the imperceptible manner which a
gouty

gouty or a nephritic sufferer, moves from place to place, renders his journey, in England heating and injurious to his health, but a coarser carriage for some hundred miles, on the continental *pavé*, breaks, divides and passes, concretions formed in the kidneys or gall bladder,—embryoes of succeeding miseries;—travelling thus, opens obstructions, which a life of half a century unavoidably shuts up, and it paves the way, not only to a long life, but to an easy death.

Frenchmen of fortune and fashion, do not suffer from the gout, stone, &c. as Englishmen do, it is not that they ate less (and eating is the source of maladies more than drinking) for they ate much more, and a greater variety than Englishmen do, and yet they live to a greater age, and more free from chronical disorders than the English, which can only be attributed to
that

that best of all exercise which their roads and carriages occasion, if an hour's *jumble* over the streets in London, in a hackney coach, will evade a fit of the ague, as I am assured it often does, what good may not be expected, from the exercise which all travellers *must use*, who travel on the paved roads throughout almost all France. Therefore when I set up my coach, or post-chaise, do not wonder, if you see it hung as the coaches and chariots of our fore fathers were *wont to hang*, as I prefer the pliability and *springs of my own body*, to all coach bodies, as well as to most other bodies, though no body is more yours than, Sir,

Your, &c.

P. S. My late worthy and aged friend, Sir Mark Pleydell, always had a rumbling two wheel post-chaise for his *own use*, and a four wheel *spring* chaise for his visitors.

LETTER.

LETTER, IV.

BRUSSELS.

WHY are you surpris'd that I should be under any apprehension of danger, on the score of religion, especially so soon after the Emperor has shewn himself to be too wise, and too liberal minded, to object to strangers on account of their religious tenets? I am rather surpris'd that you do not perceive that the protection of the Prince *alone*, rather encreases than lessens the danger of protestants who settle in catholic dominions. The clergy may be on such an occasion alarmed, and they may alarm the laity, I do not mean by saying so, to throw any odium on the catholic clergy, but when any untoward circumstance, or unforeseen incident arises (like that, for instance, to the protestants at high

F

mass

mass in the great church at Liege) who can say what mischief may be done before the interposition of the magistrates can be obtained?

If poor old Calas, a native of the city of Toulouse, a man who had been forty years a reputable citizen of that place, suffered, repeatedly, the torture *ordinary*, and *extraordinary*, and then was condemned to die the most dreadful, as well as the most ignominious death, by being broke alive on the wheel, (erroniously so called) how can you, or I, be sure that innocence will secure us from the same, or some other ill fate, either by misapprehension, by false charges, or from the heated imaginations of well meaning, though infatuated bigots? To put this matter in a just light, I shall give you some authentic minutes, from the trial of that unfortunate and virtuous man, which now lie before me, and
then

then tell me, whether the most cautious and wary protestants, residing in catholic countries, can go to their beds, without fearing that before the return of day light, they may be dragged to the bastile, or to some common prison, there loaded with irons, and put to the torture, though they had not committed any crime against either church or state?*

The fate of that innocent victim, Calas, is well known, but the manner in which he was treated, not only by the rabble, but by the judges of Toulouse, ought to

F 2

be

* Damiens who assassinated the late King of France, declared before the Parliament of Paris, that he did it from a principle of religion! And Voltaire says, that during fifteen hundred centuries, an hundred thousand christians have been sacrificed to a barbarous jurisprudence, and that the greatest part of them, were young girls, and simple old women! The wise Romans never persecuted a single man for his opinion.

be equally known, especially at a time, that I see with concern, such an infinite number of English families, of small fortune, quitting their native country, in order to settle in this, or in France.

You know that young *Lavasse*, accidentally supping with the unfortunate family the same night that Marc Anthony Calas hanged himself, was hurried to goal with the rest of the family, and underwent all the severe punishments that they endured! And such was the rigour of the magistrates, that his own father was not permitted to see him; for he too, had been made to believe, that his son, from a false principle of honor, or affection for the Calas family, concealed what he knew of the murder. It was however at length thought prudent, to permit the father to an interview with his unfortunate son, at which time he urged him to disclose all he knew:—At
first

first he was unable to speak at all, but with silent sorrow hung upon his father's bosom with the most filial marks of affection, and when he was able to speak, it was thus.

Quoi donc ! c'est mon pere, l'organe de la vérité même qui m'annonce qu'il y a des charges plus que suffisantes contre les Calas ! et me presse de conserver ma vie !

After repeating these words, he burst into a flood of tears, and then, added.

Elle va donc m'être enlevée au commencement de ma carrière ! déjà, sans doute les buchers sont allumés, la justice humaine me couvre d'un opprobre plus cruel encore que toutes les horreurs des tourments, eh bien ! adorons cette même vérité, qu' on m'accuse de trahir, mourons pour elle ; qu' ai-je à redouter puisque j'aurai pour moi mon innocence & la justice de l'être éternel.

And

And so saying, he dismissed his sorrows, and with a firmness of mind, scarce to be conceived:—No sir, said he, I do not conceal the truth; the education you have given me, has taught me to know better:—THE CALAS'S ARE INNOCENT.—I did not quit them one minute during the fatal evening, and I will suffer a thousand tortures and a death the most dreadful, rather than I will save myself, by forsakeing them in their distress, or departing from the truth. If infamy is to cover my tomb, let it:—Let them invent fresh tortments, more cruel than those I have undergone, I will bear them all, for nothing can make me depart from adhering to the truth: The Calas's are innocent, and Marc Anthony was the author of his own death. A declaration so firmly and in so manly a manner announced, shook for awhile the soul of the *Procureur du Roy*, who was present; but a cloud of witnesses swore,

swore that they heard the deceased, call
 out murder, and *implore his father not to*
hang him, others declared, that by the
 protestant religion, the lives of ungovern-
 able children, were put into the hands of
 their parents; and a soldier who stood
 centinel over young Lavasse, swore that
 he saw that power laid down, in a book
 which Lavasse read in the goal. But the
 most extraordinary evidence of all, is,
 that of *Pierre Duguè*, a priest of the
 church of *St. Etienne* at *Toulouse*, “ *I*
 “ *happened*, said this reverend wretch, *to*
 “ *go into the shop of one Bordeneuve, on the*
 “ *morning of the day young Calas was hanged,*
 “ *where I found the mother and five daughters*
 “ *in company with a young man dressed in black,*
 “ *whose person I did not know, and that the*
 “ *said man dressed in black, declared in a loud*
 “ *voice, that he had been that morning in*
 “ *the house of Calas, where he found seven*
 “ *persons*

“ persons, that young Lavasse was one of the
 “ number, and that they held a conversation
 “ together, on the subject of putting Marc
 “ Anthony Calas to death, and consulted
 “ whether, it should be done before, or after
 “ supper, that they had bought a cord, they
 “ said, to hang him with, and intended to
 “ bury him in the cellar.”

Would any christian man believe, that
 such evidence, as the above, nay worse,
 should tend to bring a good and virtuous
 old man to suffer death? Yet so it was!

Now my dear sir, give me leave to ask
 you, what protestant stranger is there,
 who can live quite safe in a catholic country,
 if a native of France, respected for his
 honest dealing, defended by a biggoted
 catholic servant, who had lived with the
 family near forty years, and who had con-
 verted

verted one of his children to the romish faith, but who was too good a christian to see her protestant master so cruelly treated, could be brought to die upon the wheel from such evidence as *Pierre Dugué's*? A wretch, whose name ought to be gibbeted in France, as your Donnellan's, Cranston's, and Blandy's are with us. But as he did die there, I cannot finish this horrid and melancholy tale, till I have told you *how he died*, and what passed on the day that he was removed from a loathsome goal;—from his bloody persecutors;—from his impotent judges;—and the vile hands of an executioner;—among the blessed into Abraham's bosom; for surely his fleeting spirit, could not have been arrested one single moment, by the porters, at the gates of purgatory.

The sad sentence was, first to suffer, as he frequently had before, the *question ordi-*
G
dinary,

dinary, and *extraordinary*, then to be broke alive *on the cross*, and his body to be *exposed on the wheel* for two hours, and lastly, to be cast into a fire, prepared on the spot, and consumed to ashes.

On the tenth of May, 1762, (never forget it ye christian people, under whatever dedomination, or sect, ye call yourselves) The innocent victim, being sixty five years of age, was brought forth to be executed, for having hanged his own son, *a remarkable strong young man, in the vigor of his youth!* When he was again interrogated, relative to the crime he stood convicted of, and again endured the *questions ordinary, and extraordinary!** After which, he was brought

* The immortal *Bruyere* says, that the *question* is a curious and sure method to take away the life of the feeble and innocent, and to save the hardened and obdurate guilty. And I have seen a French soldier, who murdered his comrade, but escaped death, by asserting his innocence under all the most severe tortures.

brought before the high altar in the cathedral church, and there kneeling, he declared, that he freely offered up his heart, and his life, for the expiation of his sins, but persisted in his innocence as to the crime he was accused of, and condemned to suffer for ; the poor wretch was then put into a cart, and drawn amidst thousands of deluded biggots, who were thirsting for his blood, to the place of execution, where on a scaffold, was laid a cross, to which his body and limbs were firmly tied, his legs and arms being quite bare, and the wood of the cross cut hollow, under those parts of it, where the blows were to be given by the executioner.

In this extended and wretched situation, *Pare Burges* (a priest of sense, and humanity who attended him) urged him in the most soothing terms, to confess the truth.

Quoi donc, said the good old man, *pourrez vous croire aussi qu'un pere voulu tue son fils ?* At which instant, the executioner let fall the first fatal blow, on the right arm, between the shoulder and the elbow, which brought forth a moderate scream, but the seven following strokes, were received only with silent anguish ! The body was then taken from the cross, that the back bone might be broke in the same manner, and *then it was placed, and exposed on the wheel*, and there it was, that *Pere Burges* made his last effort to extort a confession ; but the confession *was*, his calling upon God to pardon his judges, for condemning an innocent man. But, said *Pere Burges*, my dear brother, you have but an instant to live, and therefore by that God you invoke, on whose mercy you place your trust, and who died also for you, I beseech you to render glory to, by speaking the truth ? I have already said it, *Je meur innocent*, but
my

my brother, said *Calas*, that young stranger, meaning young *Lavasse*, whom I asked to supper with me, *cet enfant si bien né, cet fils de Monsieur Lavasse*, whom providence has involved in my misfortunes.*—————

But here I must pause with the sympathising reader.—————

—The

* That a man under such a load of bodily sufferings, and at the instant that he knew it was to be cast into the flames, could so far disregard his own condition, as to employ his thoughts, and express his concern for young *Lavasse*, exceeds, in my opinion, every magnanimous action recorded either in ancient, or modern history. Since *Calas's* untimely death, the *Abbe Ceiverac* of Languedoc, published a pamphlet to justify the massacre at Paris! What protestant therefore can be sure he may not settle in the parish of a fanatic *Ceiverac*? For though the Romish clergy, in general, are liberal minded, and among them a great number of most respectable characters are to be found, yet strangers who may happen to dwell, where one or two of a contrary disposition *have the lead*, ought to know, that all their parishoners *arms, hands, and consciences*, are at their service! God is praised, says *Voltaire*, on one hand, and innocence massacred on the other. When the King of Prussia

~~When~~ The two hours were expired, and he was not permitted to proceed, the executioner being obliged to give him that *coup de grace*, which was due only to his false witnesses, or his infatuated judges, and commit his mangled body to the flames, from whence no doubt his indignant soul flew to that place, where truth is known and virtue everlastingly rewarded.

As the late king of France, and indeed the parliament of Paris, attoned as much

as Prussia first took possession of Siberia, a little protestant borough, waited upon his majesty, and humbly intreated his permission to put the popish inhabitants of a neighbouring village to death. The wise king, asked the deputies what they would think of the papists, had they requested permission to cut the throats of the protestants? "O! Gracious sovereign, replied the protestants, but *we are of the true church.*" It is not therefore the religion of the romish church alone, that is to be feared; but the ignorance and superstition of the professors of every religion.

as lay in their power for the commission of this horrid deed, by rendering the sentence void, and providing handsomely for Madame Calas, and the surviving part of her family, I wonder that the present king, who is a very humane prince, does not abelish a most shameful and scandalous procession, which is made every *lustre*, at Toulouse, to commemorate the massacre of the protestants of that city in the year 1562, for it was during that period of the year, when Marc Anthony Calas hanged himself, and when preparations were making to perform that impious procession, which they call, *the secular games*. Had it been at any other time, when the biggoted catholics imaginations were not heated and roused against the protestants, by the tales which the celebration of such a procession are apt to awaken in weak minds, it is but natural to hope, and reasonable to believe, the witnesses would not
have

have sworn as they did, nor the judges have proceeded to pronounce so dreadful a sentence; but it was not only the completion of a *lustre*, but unfortunately, it was at the full completion of two whole centuries, at which time, the whole body of the clergy, the magistrates, the *Bourgeois*, and in short all the inhabitants march through the city in horrid array? To commemorate what? Why that two hundred years since, their streets run with the blood of two thousand protestants! Where then is the protestant stranger, who would leave England to meet such a troop of human beings, professing the meek religion of Jesus Christ, but commemorating an action, that the reasonable part of their own community, cannot think on, but with shame and horror.

From

From the days of Romulus, till the time that the popes became powerful, the Romans never persecuted a single philosopher for his opinion.—Why ? Because the Romans were wise, and till the rulers of all catholic countries are as wise as the Romans, protestants who mean to settle in those countries, may experience, too fatally, their own weakness.

I am, &c.

P. S. *Pere Burges* did not know the contents of the will of *Abubeker*, the father of Mahomet, when he so closely pressed Calas to confession. “ In the name of the most
“ merciful God, said he, this is the will
“ of *Abubeker*, made at a time when he
“ was going out of this world, into the
“ next, at a time when even infidels be-
“ lieve, when the impious cease to doubt,
“ and the liar speaks truth.”

H

LETTER.

LETTER, V.

BRUSSELS.

KNAVES of many nations, and some ~~itled~~ ones of our own, have fled hither under the idea that they are beyond the reach of those whom they meant to defraud, not knowing, that throughout Brabant, and all the low countries, a man may be arrested for debts contracted in any other, and not only men, but women and children also are subject to imprisonment for the debts of a fugitive husband, or parent; the Marquis de Sanna, Le Comte de Ribaderia, and a Duke of Brunkswick were arrested here by their more *distant* creditors; but a stranger, who takes a house, after a year and a day's residence in it,

it, is not liable to personal confinement for debt, before a tedious process has been carried on against him.

An English gentleman of fortune, having chastised a servant too severely, was obliged to abscond, but his wife was hurried to the common goal, to be responsible for his town debts till he returned, and this business is done in so brutal a manner, that I am told, our London bayliffs are quite *polished gentlemen*, when compared to a *Pays-Bas Follower*!

Yet I see with astonishment! A noble D—— of Great Britain, living in a magnificent house, which is in sight of a common prison, in which the people here put him for two years, in order to compel him to pay their fraudulent demands?

A certain *lissing lord*, holds the noble
 D— out as a man too bad to be acquaint-
 ed with, but I, who judge of men from
 what *I see*, not what *I hear*, think him a
 well bred, quiet, inoffensive man,—the
 pot you know, is very apt, to call the
 kettle black *garb*, but it is the *great men* of
 this country, not of my own, that I ought
 to speak of, I will therefore inform you
 that those all powerful men heretofore,
 called Bishops, are loosing it in this country
 apace. They claim a right to try all eccle-
 siastical offenders within their own diocese,
 but a monk near Ghent, having assassinated
 his prior, was tried and condemned by the
 council of Flanders, the Arch-Duchess
 however spared his life, but confined him
 for the remainder of it, and a prebend of
 Bruges, was tried by the Provincial Coun-
 cil of Flanders, condemned, and kept two
 years a prisoner, and then shut up for life
 in

in the *Maison de Force*. And now I have mentioned this *strong hold*; this excellent *retirement* for knaves and vagabonds, I must tell you, that by particular favor, I was permitted to see the interior of one of these amazing pile of buildings, where the very refuse of the people, and the vilest offenders are obliged to spend their days in hard labour. The sexes are separated, and each prisoner has his bed to himself, which must be made and clean by an early hour, and a certain quantity of work done before they ate. In this house, I saw five or six hundred of the worst people on earth, living in a cleaner and more orderly manner, than the same number can any where live at large. No relations, or friends, are admitted to see the offenders, no improper conversation is heard; prayers, work, and penitence, is the lot of all.

If

If such houses were erected in every county in our kingdom, it would do more towards preventing house breaking, robberies, &c. then all the county gallows's in England, and the hands of the criminals would become useful to the state. Of this business I wrote to Sir Charles Bunbury, and by his answer to me, I have reason to believe, and hope, the *Maison de Force* may be adopted in England; but he who erects them, should first see these, and know too, that the same number of *English prisoners*, would not be so easily secured, and kept in the same order they are here, for they never think of breaking out, but Englishmen would think of nothing else.

But I will drop this disagreeable subject for a pleasing one, and inform you, that my next door neighbour, who has an excellent

cellent private library, to the use of which he has very kindly invited me, has given me permission to copy from his papers three original letters of that great painter *Rubens*, the pen of such an artist, is to me (and I hope will prove so to you) as curious as his pencil, I will therefore convey them to you by the favor of our friend Mr. G——d.

My neighbour, Monsieur Gerrard, is member of the Imperial and Royal Academy of *Belles Lettres* at Bruffells, and keeper of the Archives, a gentleman of learning and obliging disposition, and is in every thing which regards the history of the low countries, profound Dr. Robertson, if he had applied to Monsieur Gerrard, and many other persons in the Austrian Netherlands, might have procured documents and information which would have rendered his history of Charles the

Vth,

Vth, something more than a bare splendid relation of facts, already known to every common historical reader.

There are many more of Ruben's letters in Monsieur Gerrard's possession, but instead of being wrote in old french, as these are, they are in *old Italian*, and out of my reading. I had, before I read Ruben's letters, made a pilgrimage to his tomb, and though his body is become, as the clad of the valley, had there been any weeds about it, I would have pluckt them out. How different were my thoughts over the ashes of this great artist, than what arise in my breast, over those of great generals! For if all the world were not agreed, that to be a great soldier, or a great admiral, is *honorable greatness*, I should have been apt to think, that to be a *great-man-killer*, is a very dishonorable profession, as it is, I thank God, I had neither talents,
nor

nor inclination to attain that character. I would fight against strangers who came to invade that land which gave me birth, *But let kings fight their own battles about the division of lands, which belong to neither.*

Rubens you know died in the year 1640, he was buried in a little chapel, which still belongs to his family, in the church at Antwerp. His monument is of marble and well executed; over the altar, is a picture by his own hands, representing the infant Jesus, on the knee of the Virgin, which is perhaps the best conceived, best executed, and best preserved, of all his works. St. George and St. Gerome, attended by two fine women, are near the virgin, and those are the portraits, of his two beautiful wives. This picture was engraved after his death by *P. Pontius*, and Rubens intimate friend *Ger-vates*, composed his epitaph; which how-

I
ever

ever is too contemptible to copy, nor was it placed over his remains, till the year 1755.

Now I am speaking of monuments, let me remind you, when you visit Antwerp, to see a curious one erected in the church of *St. Andre*, by two English ladies, to the memory of that unfortunate princess, Mary Queen of Scots, a beautiful Queen, who fell a sacrifice *on that account*, to the jealousy and hatred of our Queen *Bess*, who sullied her own reign, and betrayed that femality of weakness, which belongs to her sex, in nothing so much, as by taking away a life, which did not, by the laws of God; of nature; nor religion; belong to her. This monument too is of marble, with a bust of the Queen, and if you are disposed to drop a sympathetic tear to her hard fate, read a paper published in
Doddsley's

Doddsley's annual register for the year 1769, containing an account of all that passed on the day of her execution, wrote by an eye witness, and then you will pardon her errors, admire her fortitude, and detest the memory of even the great Queen, Elizabeth,* whose *carrotty pate*, and *turnep complexion*, could not bear to let the beautiful face of Mary, adorn even the interior walls of an antiquated castle in Northamptonshire! where she died, with all the resignation of a truly good christian, and with all the dignity, becoming that high station she was born to move in, nor was she abandoned by her servants at the scaffold, as Elizabeth was in her last hours, under the trapping of a royal bed.

I 2

LETTER.

* I believe the original paper is in the hands of the present Duke of Norfolk, and that it is by his Grace's favor, the public have been gratified with a sight of its contents.

L E T T E R, I.

Monfieur,

JE n'ai voulu vous pas écrire jufqu' à ce que j' euffe dépêché vers Paris le mouvement perpetuel, lequel j'ai fort bien accomodé en fa cafle propre en la quelle il doit faire fon opération felon l' inftruction et pourtrait autre-fois envoyé à Monfieur de Peireft, comme je ferai de nouveau pour lui rafraichir la memoire comment il s'en doit fervir, je crois qu'il arrive bien conditionné à Paris jufque á Aix, toutefois s'il vous plait d'ôter le couvert et hauffer le lin jufques á decouvrir le Canon de verre, s'il eft entier vous ferez bien affuré du refte ; car il n' y a danger que pour le vafe eft bien folide et hors de peril, auffi y-a-t-il vn petit verre a demi plein d'eau verte, et de la même eau j'ai rempli le canon d'autant qu'il faut pour fon opération, J'ai mis encore au côté du vafe vne petite boëte avec quelques empreintes de gemmes ; il me
semble

semble bon de configner cette casse en main propre d'Antoine Muys, maître charton par Paris, lequel à pris à sa charge de le vous faire tenir bien conservée à Paris, encore que je croie qu'il n'ira pas en personne, toutefois en vn homme de bien et fort ponctuel en sa promesse, jé lui ai baillé vne lettre ouverte s' adreffante à vous remettant le prix du port à votre discretion, lui promettant que outre la recompense ordinaire, selon le poids, vous lui vferes courtoisie pour la diligence qu'il vfera à la conservation de cette cassette : Il y a trois jours qu'il m'a dit que le lendemain partiroit le chariot, ainsi font ils par les mauvais chemins long tems en voyage, Je n'ai pas reçu encore les lettres du Cardinal d'Osset, avec les autres livres qu'il vous a plû de m'envoyer selon la liste incluse en votre derniere, où j'ai vû le recueil de toutes les peices faites par Theophile depuis sa prize jusques a présent, qui me sera fort agreable mais furtout je serai desirieux de voir son fatiricon, qui fut cause de son desastre, et a été condamné et executé

cuté si cruellement, j'ai tout prêt le livre du fr. Scribanus intitulé politico-christianus auquel j'ai fait le dessein du frontispice; aussi m'a-t-on envoyé de Bruxelles les ordonnances des armoiries, mais il n'étoit pas possible d'accomoder ces livres avec notre casse surdite, aussi n'avois je pas encore alors les ordonnances des armoiries, il faudra faire doncques vn petit fagot à part et le livrer au même Monsieur Antoine Muys, cependant je chercherai encore quelque autre chose qui vous pourroit être agréable. De nouvelles il n'y a rien: le siege de Breda se continue avec la même obstination nonobstant que les pluies sont extraordinaires et donnent grand fâcherie au camp, étant tous les chemins si rompus que les convois marchent avec la plus grande difficulté du monde; toutefois le Prince d'Orange ne trouve moyen de les battre ou empêcher, et s'est détourné de cette entreprise, la jugeant impossible: le Marquis pour se delivrer de la fâcherie de trouver fourrages aussi pour refaire les chevaux a réparty la plupart de sa cavalerie dedans les villes plus prochaines

chaines au camp de Malines, Turnault et Boldueq, la quelle est à leur aise, et vient rencontrer les convois venant du camp et les accompagne chacun selon sa limite; le Prince d'Orange a quelque enterprise en tête mais on ne sçait julques à cette heure si elle servira pour secourir Brèda, ou pour divertir le Marquis, il a fait quarante bateaux à Rotterdam capables de gens et de chevaux avec des pontons attachés pour mettre leur voiture avec facilité à tous lieux en terre. Le Massacreur du Duc de Croy n'est pas decouvert encore, et quant à sa femme on dit qu'il lui a fait vn bon douaire, mais je ne sçauois dire présentement combien, quant à moi j'espere d'être tout prêt dedans six semaines, moyennant la grace divine, pour venir à tout mon ouvrage à Paris, avec assurance de vous y trouver qui me sera la plus grande consolation du monde; aussi j'espere d'arriver à tems pour voir vos fêtes des noces Royales que vraisemblablement se feront au carnaval prochain, cependant je me recommande bien humblement

en vos bonnes graces, et vous baissant les mains
de très bon cœur je demeure.

Monfieur,

Votre très humble Serviteur,

Pietero Paulo Rubens.

D'Anvers ce 12

de Decembre, 1624.

LETTER,

✂ The reader is not to attribute *all* the errors in
Ruben's letters, to the ingenious writer, many of them
are the hasty transcribers.

LETTER, II.

Monsieur,

JE suis débiteur à deux vôtres, car la première me vint vn peu tard pour répondre avec le courrier de la semaine passée, encore qu'elle me pressoit au vif par les nouvelles que me donnerés avec icelle du partement du Roy de bouche de M. l'Abbé de St. Ambroise et toute la cour de Paris, au plus long au mois de fevrier, sans discerner toutefois s'il étoit au commencement, la moitié, ou vers la fin du mois. Or j'ai avec cet ordinaire reçu vne de Monsieur de St. Ambroise, même dattée le 19, de ce mois, par laquelle il me demande de part de la Reine mere le tems precis au quel je pourrois livrer mes pieces à Paris, sans y ajouter autre chose, et sans faire mention du partement de la cour et sans me presser aucunement, ainsi au contraire, il m'envoye encore vne mesure d'une piece que Monsieur le Cardinal de Richelieu voudroit da ma main, laquelle il me déplait

K

n'être

n'être pas plus grande, car je n'ai garde de manquer a son service, je lui ai repondu que s'il y a si grande hâte comme il m'a averti par votre moyen que je pourrai (me donnant Dieu vie et fanté) pour achever le tout pour la fin de Janvier prochain, mais s' il n' y a pas vne presse si grande, qu'il seroit mieux de me donner vn peu plus de comodité pour laisser sécher les couleurs à leur aise, afin qu'on puisse enrôler et emballer les tableaux sans danger d'y gâter quelque chose, ainsi faut-il compter 15 jours pour le moins pour le voyage du Charriot que portera les tableaux de Bruxelles à Paris, étant les chemins tout rompus et gâtés; nonobstant tout celà je m'oblige moyennant la grace divine de me trouver au plus long terme avec tous les tableaux à Paris à la fin de fevrier, mais s'il est necessaire de venir plutôt, je ne manquerai à mon devoir, sur quoi je prie très instamment de m'aviser assurément au plutôt qu'il sera possible, pour scavoir comme je me devrois gouverner car je ne voudrois manquer, en quelle façon qu'il fût, de me trouver a Paris avant le partement de la cour, je vous prie aussi de vouloir
 presser

presser Monsieur de St. Ambroise de m'avertir
 assurément du terme prefix à ma venue sans
 faute quelconque, et aussi de votre part surve-
 nant quelque nouveauté ou changement touch-
 ant parlement du Roy je vous supplie d'avoir
 soin de me le faire scavoir promptement qui
 sera vn accroissement (s'il est possible qu'elles
 s'agrandissent encore) de mes obligations envers
 vous, j'ai reçu dès avant hier le paquet avec les
 livres compris en votre liste, lesquels y sont
 tous, mais je ne pensois qu'ils fissent un si grand
 fardeau, les lettres du Cardinal d'Osset sont en
 meilleur forme que je n'ai vû encore, et celle
 du Pleffis Mornay me sont aussi très agréables,
 car il ne me souvient pas d'en avoir ouï parler
 en notre quartier, y étant toutefois le person-
 nage connu par renommée de ses autres oeuvres,
 et sa dispute avec Du Perron; je ne vous scau-
 rois payer que de remercemens car je ne
 trouve ici chose digne de votre curiosité, et de
 Monsieur le Conseiller, votre frere, je n'ai pas
 encore baillé au Charton le Livre du P. Scri-
 bants, avec les ordonnances des armoiries des

quidam, de trouver quelque autre galanterie mais il n' y a rien selon mon avis qu' vn livre Latin tout fraichement de la main de Monsieur Chif-
 lez de sacra lindone vesuntina, aut sepultura Christi lequel me semble bien gentil, et je au-
 ray demain et avec le premier chariot qui par-
 tira je vous les enverrai tous trois ensemble j'ai aussi fait faire le dessein de la mommie que j'ai en toute perfection à contemplation de Monsieur v're frere; mais je ne ose pas met-
 tre avec les livres pour ce qu'il la faudroit, ployer trop menument, et me semble qu'il seroit plus assuré encore que ce n'est qu'une feuille de papier, de l'enroller dedans mes peintures aussi pour la garder mieux de la nudité, toutefois je penserai encore car elle est prete, et je ne vou-
 droit tenir si long tems la curiosité suspendue cependant Monsieur je vous prie d'être —
 de me tenir pour tous votre, et s'il y auroit danger de ne vous trouver à Paris, tardant trop je ne manquerai de me hâter expressement pour ce seul respect vous m'obligeriez de m'en aver-
 tir ponctuellement, et me faisant part de vos
 bounes

bonnes grace, assurez vous que je serai tout le
durant de ma vie.

Monfieur,

Votre tres humble Serviteur,

Pietro Paolo Rubens.

D'Anvers ce 26th,
de Decembre, 1624.

LETTER,

LETTER, III.

Monsieur.

JE suis bien aise que vous ayez reçu le mouvement perpetuel assés bien conditionné comme je crois, puisque le tuyau de verre n'est pas rompu; je crois que Monsieur votre frere a encore la recette que je lui ai envoyée il y a long tems, comme il le faudra mettre en oeuvre; toutefois en cas de quelque manquement, je lui rafraichirai la memoire avec la premiere commodité, ce que je devois avoir fait déjà, Mais je vous prie de croire que moyennant la brieveté du tems pour achever les peintures de la Reine mere, et autres occupations encore, je suis l'homme le plus occupé, et oppressé du monde. Je vous remercie de la minute instruction que vous me donnez touchant mon affaire, laquelle se confronte du tout avec ce que Monsieur de Saint Ambroise m'en écrit, á scavoir qu'il faut que je me retrouve avec tous mes tableaux á Paris au 2, 3, ou pour le plus long au

au 4^e de fevrier, lequel terme est si court qu'il
 me faut refoudre des cette heure à quitter la
 main de mes tableaux, car autrement il n'y
 en auroit point de tems pour secher les couleurs,
 ni pour le voyage d' Anvers à Paris, ce nonob-
 stant il n'y aura pas de plus grand inconvenient
 pour cela, car aussi bien falloit y retoucher tout
 l'ouvrage ensemble, au lieu propre, j'entends
 mes en oeuvre en la galerie même, et s'il y a
 manque vn peu plus moins il passera tout en
 un coup, et si je travaille à ce qu'il faut faire
 en Anvers, ou à Paris, il me tourne tout à
 même compte, car encore que je crois qu'il y
 aura de méconté au tems du partement de
 Madame, comme il y a toujours quelque re-
 tardement aux affaires des grands, je ne me
 veux pas fier en cela, ainsi être précis en
 peinture, autant qu'il me sera possible, ce qui
 me donne de la peine plus que tout le reste,
 est que le tableau de Monsieur le Cardinal ne
 pourra être selon mon avis du tout parachever
 et quand il le fut, ce ne seroit pas possible de
 le porter si seche, mais encore que je desire de
 servir ce seigneur, sur tout sachant combien
 importe

importe sa bonne grace, je ne crois pas qu'il importe beaucoup de parachever ce tableau à Paris ou Anvers; en conclusion il demeurera comme j'espère satisfait de ma diligence, aussi bien que la Reine même, aussi je trouverai quelque sujet à sa fantaisie selon votre avis touchant le desir que Madame montre d'avoir de voir mes peintures avant son partement, je me trouve fort obligé & serai bien aise de lui pouvoir donner ce contentement, aussi Monsieur le Prince de Galles son époux est le Prince plus amateur de la peinture qui soit au monde, Il a eu quelque chose de ma main, & m'a demandé par l'agent d'Angleterre resident à Bruxelles, avec telle instance mon portrait, qu'il n'y eut aucun moyen de le pouvoir refuser encore qu'il ne me sembloit pas convenable d'envoyer mon portrait à un Prince de telle qualité mais il force ma modestie, et je vous assure que si l'alliance projetée eut succédée, j'eusse été contraint de faire un voyage en Angleterre, mais étant évanouie cette amitié en général, s'est aussi refroidi le commerce

commerce de particuliers, comme la fortune des grands tire avec soi tous le reste, mais quant à moi, je vous assure que je suis aux affaires publiques l'homme le moins appassonné du monde sauve toujours mes bagues et ma personne, j'entends, *ceteris paribus*, que j'estime tous le monde pour ma patrie, aussi je crois que je serois le très bien venu par tout. On tient ici la Valtoline toute perdue, et qu'il y a tres bonne intelligence entre le pape & le Roy de France voila tout quant à cela, mais touchant Breda, le Marquis Spinola s'obstine de plus en plus à vouloir la place, & croyez moi s'il n'en envoie par le commandement exprès de son maître pour obvier à quelque nouveau accident ailleurs (ce que je ne crois pas) il n'y a force qui puisse secourir la ville, tant elle est bien assiegée, aussi du commencement il n'a ja mais fait son compte de la prendre par force mais l'embloquer seulement ; on fait de grands apprêts de guerre pour la defense des Provinces d'Artois, Luxembourg, Haynault et Flanders. Dieu veuille que je puisse aller & venir sure-

ment avant qu'il y ait quelque rupture je n'ai
 autre chose pour cette fois que de vous baiser
 bien humblement les mains & me recommander
 de tout mon cœur en vos bonnes grâces, vous
 assurant que je serai tout le durant de ma vie
 &c. J'ai baillé à Antoine Soris vn petit paquet de
 trois livres seulement ou deux, pour dire mieux
 car les ordonnances des armoiries sont d'une
 feuille seulement, les deux autres sont le Prince
 Christiano Politique, du P. Seriban, et Mon-
 sieur Cislew de Lintheis Salvatoris, et vous
 assure que vous les payerez bien cher, car ce
 maître Antoine n'a jamais voulu avoir moins
 pour le port que deux francs, de quoi je me
 remets avoir de rabattre ce qui vous semblera
 hors de raison lequel selon mon avis est plus que
 la moitié ; la mommie n'y est pas, laquelle je
 porterai avec les tableaux.

Monfieur,

Votre tres humble Serviteur,

Pierto Paulo Rubens.

D'Anvers ce 10th,

Del'au 1625.

LETTER,

LETTER, VI.

BRUSSELS.

AS a very awkward circumstance which gave me great uneasiness, has been lately cleared up, much to my satisfaction, and as the same may happen to you, or any body else, I shall employ this letter, to relate it, especially, as the inclosed, (which you must not look into till you have perused mine) will make you ample amends for my dull, but necessary introduction to it.

Know then, my dear sir, that one of the good things I flattered myself I should find at Bruffells, was a good Catholic Abbé whom I had spent many happy days with, fifteen years since, at Paris, and in that neighbourhood. If you did not know him,

you have often heard of Abbé Needham, and I know, that in spite of all that Voltaire has wrote, or said, Abbé Needham was an ingenious, sensible, honest man; but alas! he departed this life, just before my arrival. Lamenting my loss to a friend, he asked me whether I was acquainted with Abbé Mann, an English gentleman, and president of the society of Belle Lettres established in this city. I had often heard, I said, of such a gentleman, and being assured by my friend, that he was equally respectable for the goodness of his heart, and the clearness of his understanding, I determined to avail myself of [the fashion of the country, and make him the *first visit*, for indeed he was the first man, I wished to visit, but I understood he was so closely connected with his library, that he did not chuse to receive strangers.

He

He received me however, with great politeness, and assured me he was always glad to see, and to serve a countryman, and I retired, much pleased, with having commenced an acquaintance with a gentleman from whom so much information and entertainment might be expected.

In a few days, he returned my visit, but unfortunately, when I was from home, nay, more than unfortunate; for my landlord (the court apothecary, with whose *genius* I have already made you acquainted) *pretended* only to send up stairs, to let me know the Abbé was below, and then brought him, or caused to be brought him the following insolent message, viz. *That I was engaged in grand company, and could not see him then!* I need not tell you that the Abbé *did not return*, but I must tell you, that when I did, the apothecary himself gave

gave me his card, and heard me lament that I was from home when it was delivered.

The next morning I had *the assurance*, (for surely it must have appeared so) to make the Abbé a second visit, taking under my arm the annual register which was just arrived, by way of excuse, for so close a return to his, but I found a shyness and reserve (as well I might) in the Abbé, which plainly discovered, that I had offended him, and that I was not a welcome guest, I therefore retired, and after grieving, and puzzling for the cause of my disgrace, for some time, without a discovery, I concluded *some treacherous lord* had said to the Abbé, *the thing that is not*.

The Abbé, though a man of much moderation and temper, you may be sure, told his friends, with what *hauteur*, I had treated his politeness, and they looked upon

upon me, no doubt, with that contempt I should justly have merited, had any part of the message came from me.

Some months afterwards however, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mr. Bosville, a gentleman of good sense, and who possesses a singular turn of genuine humour, and as he was an intimate friend of the Abbé's, and had honoured me with his notice, he began to conceive (at least, I flatter myself he did) that I was incapable of treating Abbé Mann, or any man, with such unpardonable insolence, and therefore he began to question me, relative to the cause why, I was not acquainted with Abbé Mann? I replied, that he would not be acquainted with me, and asked him, in my turn, whether he could explain his shyness towards me.

After

After sporting with my impatience, a considerable time, he informed me with the contents of *my supposed message*, and my *grand company* ; but this discovery came out, when we were more than one hundred miles from Bruffells, and therefore it kept me, six and thirty hours without sleep, for I could neither sleep nor remain awake in comfort, till the time was lapsed in which, I hoped, my letter might have reached the Abbé's hands ; in that letter I told him, a charge of murder, or robbery (provided I was innocent) could not have given me so much pain : Abbé Mann, has too much sense, not to feel the language of TRUTH, however ill expressed.

Truth, says my late singular friend Dr. Stephenson, "*speaks to all ages and nations.*
 "*Truth divine, whether Ethic, Theologic,*
 "*Philosophic, or Scientific, she lifts her voice*
 "*aloud*

“ aloud to heaven, the echoes of which, reverbering just and true, go onward, and are heard to the remotest limits of immortality.”

My letter spoke TRUTH, the Abbé felt it, and the useful truths, his sensible reply contains, will amply recompence you, for this dull introduction to it.

But let me tell you before you begin, that I have often since seen Abbé Mann, and enjoyed some conversation with him, which tempted me to wish *my friend*, the apothecary,* had, by mistake, (as Doctor Graham did at Bath,) taken a large dose of corrosive sublimate, instead of a little cream of tartar, the day before he delivered such a poisonous lie to the Abbé.

I am, &c.

M

Sir,

* The fellows name is Van Dugove, he lives opposite the park gate; and his son calls out to Englishmen as they pass by, G—d d—n K—g G—.

S I R,

I Was honored with your letters of the 26th instant, and am sorry to see the subject of it gives you so much pain; therefore to contribute, as much as lies in me, to your tranquility on that head, I answer it without delay. What those two worthy gentlemen, Gov. Ellis and Mr. Bosville, (whose friendship I singularly esteem and cherish,) told you, is most certainly true.

When I came to return your visit, and to pay my respects to your Lady and Family, word was brought me at the apothecary's door, *qu'etant en grande visite ou ne pouvoit pas me recevoir* or in some such words as those, but precisely to the same meaning, being rather surprized, I asked my man repeatedly if he had asked for you by name, and if he was certain of the answer he brought me? on his assuring it, and knowing by many years experience his exacti-
tude

tude and fidelity in giving or receiving a message, I could no longer doubt of it. The only sentiment it inspired me with, was to make me give way to my natural bent and tendency of mind, which inclines me almost irresistibly to retirement

This disposition, which makes me shun connexions as much as I can with decency, does not make me less a friend to mankind in general: nor did the little accident above-mentioned, make me esteem or respect you less than before. I am conscious and intimately persuaded that whatever happens is for our greater good, if we will make a proper use of it; why then should such little rubs as these, even when really grounded, disturb that tranquility and peace of mind, which is the greatest blessing of this life. But this same peace and equanimity is hard to preserve amidst the strife and jarring disposition of a tumultuous world. In the throng of mankind we are apt to jostle each other, and whoever does not love to be jostled, must keep

as much out of the croud, and as far from it, as the duties of the station wherein providence has placed him, and that benevolence which he owes to his fellow-creatures will allow.

It is on this principle that I steer my conduct and form my way of living, which appears particular to many, as doubtless, sir, you must have remarked during your stay at Bruffells. But so long as it is prejudicial to no one, and whilst it secures me an interior peace which I would not exchange for all the enjoyments which riches and ambition could give, I am little inclined to change it for that way of living which the world calls more rational than mine, tho' my best friends blame, and reproach me for it.

I do not mean to say by all this, that my way of life secures me from all rubs and from being jostled now and then in the path of life, as well as others, but it makes me bear them with patience and tranquillity, and to look upon them as pieces of bad road, which inevitably occur,

occur, to every one in his journey to futurity, and which must be passed over whether we will or no, such as these I call the repeated endeavours of several, to supplant and asperse me in the esteem of the heads of G——t by representing me as a caballer and intrigurer and others; to make the chief Prelates believe that I am without religion and a secret enemy to the Church: in short, hardly an obscure *brochure* or satyr comes out of late, but my name is found in it. These some would say, are rubs sufficient to merit resentment. 'Tis true, and my resentment is to despise them in silence, to walk on quietly, and as straight as I can, in the path of life, leaving my justification to that divine providence who sees what I am, who will bring every thing to light in due time, and in the end will compleatly rectify all.

Excuse, my dear sir all the *egoism* which this letter contains, and which ill suits those sentiments I make profession of; be it as it may, I would not have said so much of myself and of my
way

way of living, had it not been to pacify your feelings on a subject which I do not think merits so much sensibility, I am at present fully persuaded that the message which made me drop farther connexions, never came from you, but before that, nay, long before I had the honour of being personally acquainted with you, the uprightness, as well as the sensibility of your heart attached me to you: the sentiments you saw at our first meeting was the real expression of it, another reason joined: I thought you unhappy, for a great degree of sensibility, must produce pain in proportion; and my heart is not insensible towards those that suffer.

These, my dear sir, have been and will continually to be my sentiments in your regard. I am obliged to you for that esteem which you testify for me, and how little soever I may merit it, I beg you will continue it me, for the esteem of every honest man, is one of the goods of this life.

When

When you see Gov. Ellis and Mr. Bosville,
I beg you will say all that is kind to them from
me, and assure them of the sincere pleasure I
shall have in seeing them in good health, at
their return through Brussel.

Believe me to be with the greatest

Respect and Esteem,

Sir,

Your most obedient,

And very humble Servant,

T. A. MANN.

BRUSSELS, 1783.

LETTER,

L E T T E R, VII.

BRUSSELS.

I Knew you would be pleased with Abbè Mann's letter, and feel for me, under my imaginary offence, I need not tell you how much satisfaction it afforded me, when I was convinced, for I am, that I stood as fairly acquitted by his court of conscience, as in my own; and now, having thus made you acquainted with this very respectable gentleman's heart, I shall lay before you a specimen of his head, in his case, and cure of the gout.

I shall lay it before you nearly as I can, in the same manner he related it to me, and you will be satisfied, that the method he pursued, and the medicines he took, were the real means, by which he has lost the gout, and now enjoys perfect
good

good health. Neither you, nor I, it is true, are afflicted with that painful malady, but neither me or you, are sure we may not ; but suppose we were, such a singular cure should be made known.

Abbé Mann appears to be near fifty years of age, a gentleman of a most comely countenance, and above the ordinary size of men, he is at this time rather *en bonne point*, but he informed me, that some years back he was very corpulent, and so exceedingly afflicted with the gout, that life, was become almost insupportable, being unable to walk, and constantly during the aproxysms, apprehensive of its attacking the vitals ; under these repeated and violent fits of the gout, he suffered so much, that he determined to try the hemlock medicine, and accordingly consulted his German physician upon that subject :

N

The

The doctor, approved highly of the resolution he had taken; it is, said he, what I would not myself have prescribed, but I am glad to find you are resolved, he thereupon ordered his apothecary to prepare him some pills from the inspissated juice of hemlock, and of wolfsbane; but least I might err in a matter of so much delicacy, I begged the favor of him to write it down, and I give it you here from his own note.

Les jus ou sucz épacsis de la cigue et de l'Aconit préparés a Vienna d'après la méthode de Storck,

The Abbé began this powerful medicine by taking one small pill at first, which occasioned a very disagreeable sensation and sickness, he however persevered, till he could bear four pills, and at length found the wonderful effects of them, for he became

came less corpulent, escaped the usual fits of the gout, and has now been four years perfectly free from it, and frequently walks three or four leagues in a morning, by way of bodily exercise, and he is so firmly persuaded of the efficacy of the medicine, that he talked of favoring the public with his sentiments thereon, and his own extraordinary cure.

He is of opinion however, that the hemlock of Vienna by growing on a dryer and better soil, than the same plant does with us, is much the most efficacious, and therefore I went to *his apothecary* at Brussels, and had two boxes of pills, prepared according to his prescription, which I will send to you, that you may oblige any gouty friend with them, who has resolution enough to try a medicine, that has been taken with such extraordinary success, and which seems to be the only medicine

that has power to combat, and conquer
gouty humours.

I am myself so thoroughly convinced,
that there is no danger to be apprehended,
and much benefit to be expected from the
use of it, in all *arthritic* symptoms, that
I intend begining *Piana, Piana*, to try if it
will remove, a painful rheumatic attack I
frequently have, which lays an embargo
upon the pliability of my right knee.

If it be said that hemlock, or wolfs-
bane are violent poisons, what then? Is
not opium and laudanum poison? Yet are
they not the sheet anchors, which the
physicians use, to hold their patients *up*
with? Why then should a gouty patient,
who is not afraid of opium, suffer the
pains and penalties of the gout, when there
is such a blessed medicine before him, and
such

such an unquestionable and respectable proof of its wonderful efficacy!

A medicine not more poisonous than opium, a poison I have taken a vast quantity of, and began to do so, when I was very young, in order to facilitate the passing of gall stones, and to mitigate the excruciating pain I suffered; but having outlived, or conquered that disorder, I neither take it, or want it, nor do I feel, as if my constitution, at sixty-four, is the least injured by what I have taken, and if you were to see Abbé Mann, you would have no reason to suppose that his is impaired by taking a great quantity (for a great quantity he has taken) of the inspissated juice of hemlock and houndsbane. I hope indeed you will never want it, but if you do, be not afraid to use it, for though I am no doctor, yet you know, I am the

seventh

scumb son, without a daughter between, and consequently have a natal right to prescribe for the benefit of my friends; let the physicians do it for the benefit of apothecaries; a set of men, some of whose portraits are so inimitably drawn by Mr. Crabb, in his villiage poem, that I cannot forbear transcribing them.

A NON a Figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All Pride and Business, Bustle and Conceit;
 With Looks unalter'd by these Scenes of Woe,
 With Speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go:
 He bids the gazing Throng around him fly,
 And carries Fate and Physick in his Eye;
 A Potent Quack, long vers'd in human Ills:
 Who first insults the Victim that he kills;
 Whose murth'rous Hand a drowsy Bench protect,
 And whose most tender Mercy is, Neglect.

Paid by the Parish for Attendance here,
 He wears Contempt upon his sapient Sneer;
 In Haste he seeks the Bed where Misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted Eyes;
 And some habitual Queries hurry'd o'er,
 Without Reply, he rushes to the Door.*

I am, &c.

P. S.

* This is the portrait *only* of the parish Æsculapias, or I should have taken it for my Court Apothecary.

P. S. Hellebore you know was in high estimation among the ancients, and was considered as a specific in cases of madness or melancholy, they had so high an opinion of its medicinal virtues, that when a man talked wildly, they said *navigat anticyras*, (send him to *Anticyra*) an island where the best hellebore grew; and Juvenal says, misers should have a double dose of hellebore. But to come nearer the present times, Dr. Quincy says, he has known it perform wonders in the GOVT, and RHEUMATISM, and that it rarely fails in obstructions of the menses, but he thinks our black hellebore much inferior to that of the ancients, and Abbé Mann particularly told me, that the hellebore of Vienna was infinitely superior to ours. There are two sorts of hellebore, the black and the white, the black is called the Christmas flower, the white, *veratrum*, the roots only

only are used in each kind. They operate with most ease when inspissated, the white hellebore is the best.

LETTER,

LETTER, VII.

SPA.

IF you had not called upon me for a particular account of SPA, I should have given it to you as fully, and as faithfully, as lay in my power, for no place in Europe, in my opinion, is so proper to be analysed, and *the virtues, and vices of the healing spot made public.*

At this time, however, I do not mean to analyse the waters, but some of the people who assemble here, under the *pretence* of drinking them, but who in fact, come here to *watch the waters* of every young man of fortune (and particularly young Englishmen) and to strip them of it.

I had

I had heard so much of the iniquitous proceedings of gamblers and gaming tables, both public and private, before I came here, that it not only determined me to come, but to be the first at the *fountain-head*; that I might examine *the spring* from its source, and follow it through all its meanderings, and *opaque passages*; and I accordingly found upon my arrival, that I and my family were the first strangers that entered the village this season.

I say *village*, for such it then was, and a wretched one too, destitute almost of the common necessities of life; from this little beginning however, I saw it grow up to a very populous town, abounding with excellent provisions, fruit, wine, &c. and overflowing with people of high rank from all the European nations, among whom were *Compte Artois, Prince Nassau,*
Madame

Madame la Comtesse Branica, sister to the King of Poland, the Prince Archbishop and Primate of that kingdom, and in short, some of the first people of all nations; and as those who arrive *last*, visit *first*, I had the honor of running the gantlope through the whole, for except Compté Artois, and Prince Nassau, I believe my family were visited by every person of fashion, as they arrived at Spa; and I had the honor of breakfasting also with those two very respectable personages.

The town of *Spa*, is situated in a stoney, mountainous country, on the banks of what is now a mumuring stream, but which in winter, is sometimes a rapid river; the air is good, and the environs, in general, are pleasant, though rude, and uncultivated, having much the appearance of a part of the globe, which has been

broken up by earthquakes, or some violent convulsions of nature; so that almost all the necessaries of life (all the luxuries of it I am sure) are brought daily on women's backs, from Leige, twenty miles distant; but as those female slaves, (for no slaves in the West-Indies are such very slaves) can only subsist during the season, the village becomes a deserted one, for seven or eight months in the year, except by a few of the fixed inhabitants, and those whose only home it must be.*

You may easily imagine therefore, that a spot like this, visited by all the world, and where gaming is tolerated, nay *encouraged*, by the *first magistrate of the principality*,

* It is said, that the *wolves* frequently enter the town in the winter, but no such thing ever was seen; it took its rise from a mere quibble, as there are several inhabitants of the name of LOUPE.

cipality, that it is not only the resort of invalides, and people of real fashion, but of *counterfeit nobility* innumerable, and the outcasts, scum, and refuse, of both sexes, from every nation. So that, what with the real, and the *assumed badges* of distinction, to be seen at *Spa*, a stranger would be apt to think, all the crown heads in Europe had sent their courtiers to drink the *Pohoun* waters.

The address, and artifices of the last named *nobility*, is such, that no young man I think can escape them, and there are but few of any age, who do not, by some means or other, suffer by having the *honor* of living, in such a small retreat, and so near their baneful influence.

Beware therefore of *Comptes*, *Barons*, *Marquisses*, and *Knights*, if they visit you,
watch

watch their *sorté*, and return their *attention* when they are from home, and be sure the man *is*, what he stiles himself to be, before you exchange any thing with him, but your hat, for remember it is your *head*, and your *purse*, that he has a design upon.

Were I a man of fortune, and sending my eldest son off, to make the tour of Europe, I would enjoyn him by a most solemn promise, that he neither visited Spa, or Aix L'Chappel; being well convinced, that even *the man of the people* in England, would find himself a novice at the *dice table* after the club dinner at Spa. A club to which they *pretend*, a stranger must be *balloted for*, before he can be admitted, and indeed that is true, but the balls are to exclude such men only, as they think have perception enough to see through their

their iniquitous proceedings, and virtue enough, to expose himself to their resentments, by analysing their conduct.

But what makes this club still more dangerous is, that every year some men, of honor, and others of good character, become members; some who know what sort of people they mix with, and others, who love a good dinner and good wine (for both are excellent at that table) but who think it is every man's business to look after his own safety, and who will not hazard either their purses at play, or their persons in the field, by disclosing the secrets of the bulk of so dangerous a society.

I saw from a window opposite this club room, a genteel elegant young man, of a respectable family, enter that infernal place, arm in arm, with a fellow ornamented

mented by a badge of distinction, but which ought to have been a rope about his neck. Seeing the innocent victim, with all that gaiety *de cœur* which youth, health, and money in his pocket could inspire, I began to tremble for his fate; and I saw him leave that fatal room, five hours after in the utmost perturbation of mind, and on inquiry, I found that he went into the house with large credit, but came out of it unable to discharge the little debts, contracted at his hotel! This is not an invented tale, but one strictly true, and many others not less grievous, have happened this year, and do every year at Spa.

A majority at those tables are adventurers, and though they *seem* to play high, and swear, and fret at their *ill luck*, the truth is, they are *co-partners* in plundering the novices, so that even when disputes arise,

arise, which are very frequent, the decision of them, is left to the *majority of the house.*

I saw at Spa, but one young man of fashion during my stay there, who did not suffer either by the club, or the public Faro Tables, and that perhaps would not have been the case, had he not been the son of one of the most virtuous and respectable characters in Great Britain.*

I have been so eager to introduce you to the *black* members of the Spa club, that I began at the wrong end of the town, and had like to have forgot the first impudent specimen of imposition a stranger meets with on his arrival at Spa, and that too, before he sets his foot on the *healing spot.* I should have first informed you, that

P

your

* Of Sir E—d A—y.

your stage will be stoped at the town's end, by and impudent Jew looking fellow, who desires the honor to announce your arrival: A stranger of course, not understanding what is meant, asks for an explanation? He is then told, that it is what every body does, and every body of course consents to do, *as he says, every body does*, but let me tell you it is what nobody should do. It is to announce your arrival, by printing your name on cards, and sending them round the town; a town, where an English gentleman cannot be three hours, without its being known *who*, and *what* he is, and therefore the printed cards should only be to announce the arrival of that *sort of genrty* who are *noble only at Spa*; for when you leave it, this fellow first charges you a crown for your arrival cards, a crown more for your visiting cards, and a third for your *congé* cards; you, and all your family

family, a crown each ! Which arises in the year to such an immense sum of money, that the Prince Bishop of Leige, *for good reasons*, has given this fellow a pompous *patent*, and *exclusive privilege*, of printing *visiting and arrival cards* !

What must we think of a country where an *exclusive privilidge* is given in form, under the great seal of the Sovereign Prince, for printing on a card,

Monfieur Tel *au tête d'Prince de Liege* ?

Monfieur Tel en Personne ?

Monfieur Tel P. P. Congé ?

And that a bold assuming ignorant block-head, should by this business only, put, in the course of a season, five or six thousand crowns into his own, *or some greater mans pocket*, for no reasonable purpose whatever. This is the first striking feature

of SPA, and in general, the whole *face*, and *personage* corresponds with it.

In my next I will give you some account of the differrent fountains, the manner of drinking the waters here, and the *manner* in which it is *sent you*, for drinking in England,

I am, &c.

P. S. If you should be sick, or want the advice of a phyfician, (for the *Pohoun* waters I assure you are not to be trifled with) I am happy to inform you for your own sake, as well as Doctor Congalton's, that he is a native of North Britain, a gentleman of amiable manners, of long practice, well acquainted with the medicinal virtues of the waters, the climate,
&c.

&c. under whose care, you may be perfectly easy, he is not indeed the only physician who resides here in the season, Dr. Hanstar, a native of Spa, is a young gentleman much esteemed. But what particularly induces me to mention Doctor Congalton is, that his diffidence and modesty renders it necessary to make him known; for being known, he cannot fail of being esteemed and employed.

LETTER,

LETTER, IX.

SPA.

AS you say you are a *Spa* water drinker, and drink it at the distance of three hundred miles from its source, I must inform you with the manner, *it is*, in general, bottled here, for exportation, and in what manner it *ought to be bottled*, for the general good of those, who drink it, as you do.

The *Paboun* spring (and it is at that fountain only the *Spa* water for exportation is bottled,) stands in the centre of the village, round which, there is a kind of stage, where the flasks are ranged for filling, to the amount of a great many gross at a time, and as they are *all filled*, and left many hours exposed to the sun, the
rain,

rain, the wind and the dust, without being corked, you may reasonably conclude, that much of the volatile spirit, fixed air, or whatever it be, which imparts healing powers to it, must be greatly diminished, by that slovenly, I was going to say dishonest manner, of proceeding.

If therefore you love pure Spa water, as well as pure French wine, I would advice you to write to Monsieur Van Hagen, or Monsieur Jehin, who are Spa apothecaries, and whose shops are close to the fountain head, as both those gentlemen, assure me, they will cause the flasks to be filled *under water*, and corked, the instant they are brought above it; and this they will do upon oath, if it be required; and then, I am apt to believe, you may expect as much benefit from them, as if they were taken on the spot.

I am

I am told that the exportation of water from the Pohoun spring, amounts to two hundred, or two hundred and fifty thousand bottles annually; and that the best time to bottle it, is, when the wind is northerly, and the weather dry, in the months of September and October, and in March, and May.

The flasks, which are made at, and brought from Leige, cost about two-pence each, and each flask when filled for exportation, is taxed one penny by the Prince Bishop of Leige, *for the benefit of the poor*; allowing then a penny for bottling, corking and waxing, two-pence for land carriage, a penny for passing the sea, and the duty on glass at your custom-house, I suppose it might be conveyed from Spa to London, at something more than one shilling per flask, when bottled according to

to this method, for those bottles which are sent over in such large quantities to the mineral water ware-houses, are bottled as described above.

But perhaps the sure way to have them filled at a *proper time*, and *corked as they are filled*, is to write to Dr. Congalton, who resides at Leige out of the Spa season, and at Spa in it, and I have no doubt, but he will take care that it is sent as it should be, I am sure he will, to such who know him, and I have no doubt but he will do so for any gentleman who applies to him.

It is necessary indeed for every Englishman, or at least every English family, to write to some friend on the spot, to provide lodgings previous to their arrival, and by that means, avoid the disagreeable and expensive business of going first to an hotel, those who have no acquaintance

Q

may

may write to Mr. Levoux, au Grand Cerf, who is married to a servant of Lady Spencers; as he, his wife, and family, are most useful and best sort of people, in that line of life, at Spa.

Having mentioned above, that the *Pohoun* is the spring from whence the bottled Spa water is taken, it may be necessary to inform you, that there are near Spa, several other mineral springs, viz. the *Geronstere*, about two miles from Spa, the *Sauveniere*, and the *Tonnelet* somewhat nearer, and all these waters are used by those who are within the reach of them. I cannot pretend to tell you what the healing powers of these last mentioned springs are, but I suppose there must be some *extraordinary virtues in the Geronstere water*, as it is exceedingly nauseous, and tastes and smells like rotten eggs, but it is perfectly clear.

The

The *Geronstere* fountain is two miles, of seven other, on the way to *Coo*, I would advise you therefore to make a party, some fine morning to visit a natural cascade there; *Coo* is in the little principality of *Stavelot*,* and after the miller and vicar (who are the only dwellers there) have let you see their dogs tumble down the water-fall, and come out unhurt, you may visit the Prince of *Stavelot*, dine at a tolerable inn, and return the same evening to *Spa*. This Sovereign Prince, who is a priest also, enjoys about two thousand pounds a year.

The cascade is about sixty feet high, and twelve wide, and flows from the river *D'Amblève*. The present K— of S——n lately visited this *waterfall*, but not content

Q²

with

* Famous for the best hones in Europe, which may be bought very cheap: no wonder therefore, *they shave so close at Spa*.

with the down-fall of a dog or two, he bargained with a farmer to send down his Cow, which *only* broke her legg: a second *foufe* was then stipulated for, upon terms, almost as hard, on the part of the farmer, as on that of the poor cow; it was however a *more successful tumble, than the first*, for the poor creature was delivered from her misery. I mention this circumstance only to observe, that *men, are men, and that Kings are Kings!* *

No, my dear sir, I have dropt all thoughts of going to Stockholm, for I am told there are a great many cascades in Sweeden, and *visiting them may prove dangerous.*

If ever I should become a king, (I mean an arbitrary king for I would not give five shillings for a crown, without absolute power,)

* Pity is a virtue unknown to Prin^{ces}.

power,) I would order my first musician, to play the most rapid movement in his power, on the harpsichord; during which performance, I would command an expert executioner, to bring his scymater well charged with quick-silver, and placing him secretly behind the performer, he should at one blow, sever the musician's head from his body, in order to see how many bars the fingers would perform, before the body missed its head, for as a cock will run after his head is cut off; I see no reason to doubt, but that an *headless* musician would play the same game.

The cutting off a head instantaneously, is not half so disagreeable a circumstance as putting a man in a subterranean cavern for twenty years, and yet I met with a certain Baron at Aix L'Chappel, who said he was *so closeted* by a crown'd head! Adding, that one day the King said at table, what

what is become of that scoundrel Baron *****? Is he dead, or living? Being told he was still living. How, asked the King, does he spend his time? His majesty was informed that the Baron slept well.—Then let him, said the King, be awoke every quarter of an hour! And yet the Baron is now above ground, and still sleeps well! But not in the same king's dominions.

Yet if I were to live my life over again, and could reconcile myself, to be of a profession, I thank God I had neither abilities nor inclination to rise in, I would rather serve the K— of P—a than any King (except my own) in christendom; for the K— of P—a degraded his chancellor, FOR MAKING A WICKED AND UNJUST DECREE. The K— of P—a will hear the complaints of his meanest subjects, and redress their

their grievances. I was personally acquainted with two handsome young officers of rank in his service, both considerably above twenty years of age, who constantly went to bed at seven o'clock, and rose at three, and both of them declared, that they had *never lost*, what most young men with us, and some young women, scarce remember they ever *possessed*!

And now, my dear sir, having told you what Kings can do, and what I will do when I am a King, I will conclude this epistle with assuring you, that till you are my subject, I am your slave.

LETTER,

LETTER, X.

SPA.

IN my last I informed you how to drink the Spa water in London, and now I will give you some account of the mode of drinking it on the spot; you must know then, that every body is up, at, or before six o'Clock, and the principal street is crowded with *ready-saddled horses*, for those who chuse to take eighteen penny worth of horse flesh, for the *ton* is, to ride first to the *Sauveniere*, take a glass of that water, and then to the *Geronstere*, for at both places you will find, a great deal of good company, beside seeing the lads, and lasses of the village, dancing with great vivacity in the woods or adjacent walks, the young people

people of that order, are there early enough to take their dance, and to return to town in good time to pursue their various occupations, but as every Sunday, is a day of mirth in all catholic countries, the Sunday morning dance, is generally most brilliant.

The ride to those fountains, is extremely pleasing, and romantic, but the ride *back again*, being down hill, and stoney, is not very safe, and for that reason, it is, that most gentlemen, and ladies too, ride horses of the country, yet the horses of the country, are not so infallible, as the Pope, for you continually meet with little stone crosses on the road side, calling upon you to pray for the soul of *Grabriel John*, who was killed by his horse, on that spot.

After such a ride, if your throat is not disjointed, you will find your breakfast

a sociable meal, for every body who wishes to see *the world*, eats that meal at Vauxhall, a noble, indeed a magnificent building, erected by the natives of Spa, and Liege, to fill the bellies, and empty the purses, of men of all nations, but most particularly the men of yours, and mine, and therefore I shall dwell a little on this last article.

Know then, my good sir, that towards eleven o'clock, two faro tables are opened, on one of which, is spread a large quantity of gold and silver, on the other, *gold only*, all laid in so loose and seemingly, careless manner, that it induces most gazers on, to think it easily obtained. At these tables you will see, *a dealer, a shuffler*, and in short, three or four well dressed men beside, to distribute the cards, and pay and receive the *winnings and loseings*; and
these

these brilliant fringed gentry, as I am informed, have two hundred pounds a year each, from the enormous profits which such a bubble game cannot fail to produce, indeed I have been assured the profit is, not less than twenty, or five and twenty thousand pounds a year to *somebody at Liege*. I will not trouble you with a particular analysis of the game at faro, but I will assure you, that he who keeps such a bank, might venture to make the following condition with his players. I will for instance hold the bank, and put five hundred guineas on the table, you shall do the same, to play against it, and put five, ten, or twenty guineas on a card, and if you should be *so lucky*, to win my five hundred pounds, you shall keep them, but if I win yours, I will return you two hundred and fifty; yet bubble, and thrice bubble, as this game is, both tables are soon crowded with all

degrees of people, among whom are always a great number of *black*, and *white legs* too. The silver table however is filled first, and sometimes the gold one, is not in motion, till some *decoy ducks*, have set it *agoing*, who soon slip away after they have collected the novices.

These tables continue play till the bank holders perceive the temper of many of their *gudgeons* to be a little disordered, they then shut up *that board*, and instantly open another, called *Rouge* and *Noir*, or *Trenti Quarante*, both equally, as much against the player, as the *faro* table, but the unfortunate and deluded sufferers, cannot resist attempting to *try their luck once more*, and generally speaking, go home without a shilling in their pockets, but the last and sad scene of all is, at three o'clock when the ladies are gone, and the hazard table is brought forth.

This

This table is instantly surrounded by a great number of the most dexterous sharppers of all nations, between whom, tho' thinly mixed, are always some men of fashion, honor, and fortune, who love play, but who do not know, *with whom* they have played, till they have paid dear for their information, they see themselves in company with well dressed men, with men who are called *Comptes, Barons, &c.* but most of whom are in truth, *Barbers, Tooth-drawers and Pick-pockets.* In the present set of gamblers now here, an Italian dentist is a very *distinguished performer.* I do not know that he cheats, but he throws for more in an hour, than he can earn by *tooth cleaning* in a year.

I have before told you, that the *etiquette* abroad is, for the *last* comer to make the *first* visit, and as I was the very first stranger
at

at Spa this season, I had, every *visit to return*, among that number, was a young man, whose printed card left at my lodgings, announced, *Compte Duvot, en Personne*. I returned the *Compte's* visit, a young lively handsome man, who spoke (as he informed me) eleven languages, had been in the Russian service five years, had made the tour of England, nay, the tour of all the world, and was just then arrived from Spain, having served under Prince Nassau, on board the floating batteries.

I could not help expressing my surprize, to see a man whose appearance marked him to be under twenty four years of age, who had seen, and learnt so much, in so short a time, but the *Compte* assured me, that he was thirty two *that very day*, I did tell him that he was *out in his reckoning*, but from that minute I determined not to pay it,

it, if he asked me; which he soon perceived, for he asked every body else, got a new coat, shoes and stockings, for he had only boots when he came, he then put a white cockade in his hat, a bit of black crape round his arm, and became quite a fashionable *Spa Compte*.

But alas! *Compte Artois* accompanied by Prince Nassau, arrived soon after, and somebody observed to the Prince, that the young gentleman with the black crape, had served under his Highness in the floating batteries, this brought on an eclairsissement between the Prince and the *Compte*.

Sir, said the Prince, you say you are a Frenchman,—that is not true.—You say you served under me,—that is false.—You say you understand eleven languages.—I therefore tell you in plain French, to show
your

your face no longer here; yet such was the effrontery, and necessity of the poor *Compte*, that he appeared again in the public rooms and in the presence of the Prince, and that too, without taking (as the English sailors call it) the *dog-vane* out of his hat.

The Prince then lost all patience, and asked him how he durst appear with a white cockade in his hat, after what had been said to him? and ordered him to quit Spa, or he would apply to the magistrates to turn him out of town, he was compelled therefore to take a *French leave*. But before this business came forward, a lady had informed me, that she had dined with his *Comptesship* only two years before, at Liege, and then, he was only *Baron Hagen*, but I had so early a suspicion of his being a young gentleman of industry, that I took an occasion to present him to *Compte Woronzow*, a Russian

Russian nobleman, as one who could speak his language: but he did not understand even a common place question in that tongue, he did however speak French, English, German, and Italian; and I suspect that he is a Dane. I have been particular in my relation of *this young nobleman*, because Spa, and *Aix L'Chappel*, abound with such mushroom nobility, and it is necessary such circumstances should be well known.

In my next, I shall give you some account of *Prince Justinian*, and when you have had his history, you will be able to form a tolerable idea, of what and whom you may expect to meet with at Spa; but I will not close my letter till I have told you that yesterday, I and my family had the honor of an invitation from *Compte Trot-sendorf** to breakfast with him at Vaux-hall, where he gave a most magnificent *repas* to

S Compte

* The Emperor's ambassador at Ratisbon.

Compte Artois, and his *suite*, there were about one hundred persons who were invited, and who sat down at the table, but the rooms, being open to every body, the crowd and the heat, made it very unpleasant. And now let me remove a prejudice, which I think has prevailed in England against *Compte Artois*, because it seems groundless, by telling you in what light he appeared in my eyes.

His dress, then, in the first place, was as plain as a gentleman could be dressed, he is very affable, spoke to every body, and danced with the first pretty woman he met, without regarding rank or connection, his person is of the middle stature, thin, and well proportioned, and I seldom saw him without an agreeable smile on his countenance, he came into Spa with eight horses to his coach, and staid here about a week; he bore no badge of princely distinction, but

but wore the *Croix de St. Louis*, in the button hole of a plain brown coat, over washing waistcoat and breeches. Nor were his buckles, of half the dimensions, I have seen *Artois buckles* in the shoes of some of our London fops. Prince Nassau, had a flaming star on his breast, round cropt hair, and bald headed, like the late Marquis of Granby, yet he does not appear to be above two or three and thirty years of age.

I must not finish this letter, long as it is, without telling you, that a league distance from this town, on the road side, you will meet with a most glaring kind of summer house, or *Legois Pagoda*; it is impossible in a country so destitute of *fine things*, as the environs of Spa is, not to ask to whom it belongs? and then you are informed that it is Dr. Limburns, *and that you have a physician at hand*. I mention this circumstance, because the doctor has wrote

the Amusements, &c. of Spa, in two volumes, embellished with cuts, and if they should fall in your way, you will not find his account, and mine, tally so exactly, as those who are *personally* interested in the prosperity of the place may wish to represent it. It is a *bridge* the doctor has reason to commend, and therefore he did not perhaps examine the *under* parts to the fabric with the same attention I have bestowed upon it.

I am, &c.

LETTER,

L E T T E R, XI.

SPA.

IN my last I presented to you, Compte Duvet, alias Baron Hagen. I now have a much greater honor to confer upon you, by making known to you, his Royal Highness PRINCE JUSTINIAN, regularly decended in a direct line from the great Roman Emperor:

Their Royal Highnesses, the Prince and Princess, with his Highness the young Prince Justinian, honoured this place, for eleven months, with the sun-shine of their favours, I say the sun-shine, for his Royal Highness bore on his outward garment, not only the sun in all the glory which gold and spangles could display,
but

but the orbits, Mercury, and Venus, properly placed as it's attendants, in the character of Stars of the first magnitude! Their equipage and *Entré*, did not however, quite correspond with the rank, dignity, or *Insignia* of Royal blood, for they travelled in a shabby chayse, accompanied by one valet, nor did all their paraphernalia, weigh fifty pounds, his Royal Highness however went to the best hotel, ordered excellent dinners, invited every body to dine with him, entertained with the most expensive wines, and, Prince like, (though contrary to the universal custom on the continent,) made no agreement with his host! but in order to convince him, and indeed every body else, that he was unquestionably the direct descendent from the EMPEROR JUSTINIAN, he brought with him a *printed book*, wherein his pedigree was clearly laid down, and his rank pointed out;

His

His highness, though a very devout christian, condescended to play at cards most evenings, and by means of *his thumb, applied to, and wetted at his lips,* dealt the cards with great facility! All his mornings however were better employed, for after breakfast, the curtains were let down, and the prince with all his royal household, spent most part thereof in prayer. In the streets, when the Host passed by, their highnesses kneeled deepest in the dirt; at church nothing was to be seen but the whites of their eyes. But unfortunately, his highness preceded his letters of credit, and had not even cash to pay for the postage of a letter! but *such mistakes* are common at Spa.

Their high rank, and their exemplary piety, was sufficient security for all they owed, or meant to owe; for in this manner, and pennyless, they continued to live
eleven

eleven months, in splendour and plenty at SPA, and then left it, in broad day light, under the eyes and noses of the gaping inhabitants and creditors, of a poor distressed village, without the least interruption! Their Highnesses then *retired to Liege*, where the young Prince, who is a very well looking young man, *happened* to fall desperately in love, with a lady of one of the first families in the principality, and though her mother was told they were impostors, yet the *piety* of these people on one hand, and the title, and stars on the other, carried the prize.

The young Prince married the *now* young Princess, and soon after, Justinian the Prince, got himself made a citizen of a small neighbouring republic; but the Bishop of Liege, who, all along, knew *what they were*, turned them out of his dominions,

ons, and Justinian was obliged to retire to the little state, to which he had just been admitted a member.

But I should have told you, that on his first arrival at Spa, he wrote a congratulatory letter, to the King of Prussia, on his birth day, to which he received a polite answer: This letter, with an affected simplicity of manners, though at bottom, a shrewd cunning knave, has not only supported him with food and raiment ever since, but he is now carrying on a prosecution, against the Prince Bishop of Leige, for degrading and defaming him. I hope therefore *Doctor W—s* is retired to the same Republic, and that he may be appointed physician in *Ordinary* to Prince Justinian.

Now should you ask me, how the people at Spa could countenance, for eleven
 T months

months such a parcel of vagabonds? I must observe, that it is by no means more extraordinary, than that the discerning tradesmen, &c. of Spa, should not have seen, what those people were, from the first minute of their arrival, or, that Englishmen of education, rank, and fortune, should not instantly see, that near half the tribe of fine gentlemen, who come here, however *be-titled* or *be-starred*, are a set of infamous gamblers and sharpers, from all nations, but where they hope in general not to be known, before they have committed depredations on the purses, and often on the persons, of our countrymen, who make their continental tour, before reason, and reflection has prepared them for it, and return only to lament, that they wanted it, when their judgment is ripened, and brought to maturity.

It

It has been said, that no nation under the sun has so much reason to travel as the Scotch, because they are sure of finding a better country than they left. I do not believe that to be true, but I am confident that all Englishmen, who have been accustomed to the luxuries, and elegances of England, cannot visit any part of the continent, without frequently meeting with disgusting, disgraceful, and offensive matters, such which must lead them to make comparisons, highly in favour of their own country.

L E T T E R. XII.

BRUSSELS.

YOU know how awkwardly I was placed as to money matters, during part of the time I was at Barcelona, in the year 1775, where I thought myself, and family in danger of wanting bread, though I had five hundred *pounds worth* of good bank notes in my pocket. Notes, which however, *Don Wombwell*, pretended to suspect, were not quite *the things* they should have been; but the truth was, he *suspected them*, to excuse himself from obliging *me*; and yet, I had many years before, rendered his uncle, who left him his fortune, no inconsiderable services with Admiral Medley, in the agency for prize ships at Giberaltar, in the year 1744-5.

A fort

A sort of fatality, indeed, I think attends me in money matters of *every kind*, for in a short trip, I once made to this country, for a few days only, a female *bank-refs* at Antwerp, on whose husband, I had Herries's bills, gave me such a *sett down* for calling, after she had detained me till candles were lighted, (for I went in broad day light,) that if she had not been too handsome to be angry with, I should have been a little out of humour with her.*

I mention

* I waited above half an hour before the lady, and her toilet, *parted*, and when she learnt my errand, she told me *I was rather late*! Upon telling her she had made it later, and that if it was inconvenient, I could do without the money. She became very angry indeed, said her husband *was a gentleman*, and that I was rude. Believing therefore, that I was in the presence of some great personage, I asked my host at the inn, what her rank and condition was. He replied such as my own; with this difference only, that I sell *wine*, and lace, and she deals only in the latter commodity. But all the Flemish wives are commanding officers.

I mention this circumstance, because I have this minute met with a plan for supplying Continental travellers with cash, by Messrs. RANSOM, MORLAND, and Co. which I think the most convenient, most advantageous; and most expeditious mode of supply: and therefore I shall transcribe it in their own clear words, from the plan which now lies before me.

P L A N

OF THE

Exchange-Notes and Letters of Credit,

OF

Messrs. RANSOM, MORLAND, and Co.

B A N K E R S,

No. 57, in PALL-MALL, LONDON.

A correspondence is settled at most of the principal places on the Continent of Europe, in order to accommodate travellers with money, at any place, which best suits their convenience,

ency; and to supply those with bills upon any particular place, who desire to make remittances from hence.

* * *French being the most general language, is used for this plan.*

CIRCULAR EXCHANGE-NOTES

Are given for any sum from twenty pounds upwards, and answer the purpose abroad, of BANK-POST-BILLS in England.—They are payable to the order of the traveller, without any *commission or charges*, at any one of the various places mentioned in a letter of order given along with them; and although drawn at seven days sight, in order to have a little time to stop payment at the adjacent places, should they be lost, and in that case, for the value to be re-paid in London; yet they are always paid at *sight*, when presented by the traveller himself.—They are reduced into foreign money, at current usance course of exchange on London—in other words, the price of English money—at the time and place of payment.—

The

The traveller, for his own security, will not indorse any of the notes 'till he receives payment of them, at which time, the agents are instructed to take two receipts serving one purpose—one on the back of the notes; the other seperately, to prove the payment, in case any of the notes should be lost, in sending them back discharged.

LETTER OF ORDER

Is always given with the circular notes, and contains a general address to all the correspondents of the house, whose names are annexed to an alphabetical list of places; at the same time, it recommends the Traveller to their civilities. For safety, the traveller writes his own name in this letter of order, which the agents are instructed to compare with his signiture, on paying the notes, so that it answers the purpose of a general letter of advice.

TRANSFERABLE EXCHANGE-NOTES

Are addressed to one place only, being reduced into the money of that place, at the last
quoted

quoted exchange from thence, and may be transferred from one person to another, by simple endorsement.—They are chiefly intended to remit particular sums abroad, or for the use of those persons who are constantly resident at one place, because they may be paid away to tradesmen and others, in the same manner as bank or banker's notes are passed from hand to hand in London.

* * * *These as well as the circular notes, are free of all charges.*

LETTERS OF CREDIT.

Although the use of them, on the former footing, cannot be recommended, nor can they be of such extended utility as the notes; nevertheless the house will, when required and satisfied of the security, give them, on such places as have a direct exchange upon London.—They are subject to a single commission and postage at the place of payment, and to another to the house, when they are reimbursed at home; but the money will be paid at the just course, with-

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out

out the exaction of any accumulated charges whatsoever.

RECOVERING MONEY from ABROAD.

To render their extensive correspondence as useful as possible, the house will take bills, of drawers or endorsers of undoubted credit, upon most of the places, mentioned in their list, in order to recover money, which cannot be done in the common course of business.

Aix la Chapelle	Berlin
Aix in Provence	Berne
Alicante	Bruges
Amsterdam	Besançon
Amiens	Bilbao
Angers	Blois
Antwerp	Bordeaux
Augsburg	Bologna
Avignon	Boulogne
Barcelona	Breslaw
Bayonne	Brussels
Basle	Brunswick
U z	Cadiz

Cadiz	Laufanne
Caen	Leghorn
Calais	Leipzig
Carthagen	Liege
Cologne	Lille
Copenhagen	Lisbon
Dantzic	Lyons
Dijon	Madrid
Dresden	Malaga
Dover	Manheim
Dunkirk	Marseilles
Florence	Middelburg
Francfort on the Mayn	Milan
Geneva	Montpellier
Genoa	Moscow
Ghent	Munich
Gibraltar	Nancy
Gothenburgh	Nants
The Hague	Naples
Hamburgh	Nice
Hanover	L'Orient
Königsberg	Orleans

Ostend

Ostend

St. Omers

Paris

Parma

Petersburg

Prague

Rheims

Riga

Rochelle

Rome

Rotterdam

Rouen

Seville

Spa

Stockholm

Strasbourg

Toulouse

Tours

Trieste

Turin

Valencia

Venice

Vienna

Warsaw

LETTER.

L E T T E R, XIII.

BRUSSELS.

NOTwithstanding what is said, and what I have said, in the Valetudinarians Bath Guide, I am inclined to think, there is very little difference either in the heat, or mineral impregnations, between the hot waters of this city, and those of Bath in Somersetshire, it is certain however, that the aqueducts, and channels, through which the mineral waters of Aix pass, are strongly charged with sulphur, a fine piece of which, nearly as large as an egg, I have before me,* but whether *the water* is, or can be impregnated therewith, is still a matter, not easily determined, it may be, that the subterraneous fermentation of those

* It is now in possession of Mr. Symons an eminent surgeon of Bath.

tions of the minerals, or vegetables, are more prone to produce sulphur here, than at Bath, but does that prove that the water itself is *sulphurated*?

The summer heats here are much greater than in England, not owing perhaps to the sun's superior heat, but the degree of heat, which is in the bowels of the earth, or beneath the first surface, for Sir Isaac Newton, you know, is clearly of opinion, that the earth is much more heated by the fermentation of mineral body's *beneath the upper crust, than by the sun on its surface*, and therefore the fair samples of sulphur, which are found where these hot waters pass, go no further to prove, that sulphur is actually dissolved therein, than the burning of the Bath sand, on a red hot pocker, proves those waters to be sulphurated, because it burns blue, and smells sulphurous; that both the one, and the other, are very powerful

powerful medicines, which do much good, or much harm, is the only truth, perhaps, which man can ever ascertain; and if I was convinced, that hot mineral waters were necessary for my health, I would take those which were most convenient, or most agreeable to me, and consequently Bath would carry it; for exclusive of the waters, Aix has little to recommend it, the country round about it, is indeed very fine, but the town is dirty, ill built, and bears throughout a melancholy aspect.

It was not however to analyse the waters I came here, but to recognise, if I could, a man who has lived here sixteen years, under a *borrowed name*, and who is carrying on a prosecution against a gentleman I had known in England, for correcting an error on the *marking-slate* at the billiard table, where he was put down under the name of Dr. W—s, which my acquaintance
with

with a wet finger put out, and turned it into Dr. S—s, but this being done while the doctor's back was turned also, the bystanders could not help remarking, what an *electric-like shock* it gave him, when he examined, *how the game stood*, for most of them thought he looked as if, *the game was up with himself*.

Had my acquaintance stopped there, all might have been well, but he so openly, and publicly announced him to be an impostor, that the doctor commenced an action against him for defamation. An action of this kind, between two strangers, was quite an harvest to the gentlemen of the long robe; and the doctor, who had lived long here, and *sported a gilt charriot*, was not without some friends; whereas Mr. O'Hara my acquaintance, was an utter stranger.

My

My chief errand therefore, was at his earnest request, to come hither, in order to procure an interview with the doctor, who under the *latter name*, I had good reason to believe, I had been acquainted with at Bath five and twenty years before.

It was remarkable also, that the doctor who had not omitted, scarce a single day for ten years attending the billiard table, never shewed his face there, after the *erratum* on the billiard slate had been corrected; notwithstanding this, and many other circumstances in favor of Mr. O'Hara's assertions, it appeared to be no easy matter to prove it in a court of justice: the man had been above twenty years absent from his own country, and practising the manners of this: in short, it seemed to rest with me, and with me alone, to determine the matter, I therefore wrote the doctor a

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letter

letter wherein, " I told him I was formerly
 " acquainted with a person whose name is
 " S—s, who had lived in Lincoln's Inn
 " Fields, and there practised as a physician,
 " and as Mr. O'Hara asserts that you are
 " that person, it is now in your power to
 " disprove it, by giving me an opportunity
 " of seeing and conversing with you; for
 " there can be no doubt, (notwithstand-
 " ing the intervention of so many years)
 " but that I shall have it in my power to
 " render justice to both, in a matter I am
 " no ways interested, farther than in the
 " cause of truth, if therefore you decline
 " so favorable an opportunity of defeating
 " the insinuations thrown out, you will
 " excuse me in observing, that there is
 " but *one* construction which can be put
 " upon it."

I sent my letter by a *Valet de Place*, who
 soon returned with the doctor's compli-
 ments,

ments, and to inform me, that he had not the honor of knowing me! I directed the *Valet* to return and tell the doctor, however that might be, I expected a letter in answer to a civil one I had wrote to him, and if he did not write one, I would endeavour to *make him know me*. He then informed me that *his head ached*, and that he would write the next morning; but thinking *more* of the matter, he sent me the following answer the same evening.

S I R,

X 2

SIR,

I Don't remember ever to have had any acquaintance with, or knowledge of a person of your name,——I have often heard of such a name, and I have read with pleasure some books published by a Mr. Thicknesse *and as well* by a Mrs. Thicknesse. I never practised physick in England or elsewhere except to oblige my intimate friends——when I lived in London I had a house in Great-Queen-Street, near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and in Cork-Street, Burlington-Gardens. I wonder O'Hara should be so inconsistent, even in his calumny, that curious gentleman and his associates asserted, first; that I was an attorney of the name of S——s and an impostor, secondly, that I was a quack doctor who sold medicines in London and other towns in England, thirdly, that I was always known in England by the name of John James Stevenson and at present I am to be a person whose name is S——s and within this week, he and his company have positively assured all the people of this place, and even the court of justice, that

an

an English gentleman according to the accounts of some of this company, and a peer according to the accounts of others, was to come here from Spa to examine me before the justice and prove me to be a Charlatan who sold drops in London, and to cover me with shame and confusion, I was for some time at a loss to discover which would preponderate, the ignorance, or the malice of these geniuses. You will see fir that you cannot do justice to us both, and as I have, after having procured some authentic documents, taken such steps as may not be agreeable to O'Hara or to you, you will clearly perceive that I cannot have the pleasure of your company at present, which mortifies me much, as it would give me much satisfaction to converse with you upon some parts of your writings, if you are the Author of those books that I have read under the name of Mr. Thicknesse.

I am Sir,

Your humble Servant,

JOHN WILLIAMS.

The

The doctor's letter, you see, proclaimed defiance; not only to Mr. O'Hara, but to me also, I therefore determined to bring the business forward instantly, for a hotel at Aix L'Chappel is more expensive than amusing. I accordingly went with Mr. O'Hara's advocate, accompanied by Mr. Stock—a very sensible, spirited, countryman of ours, to the *Hôtel de Ville*,* where we found two magistrates, to whom I showed a translation of my letter, and the doctor's reply, and to those magistrates, we pointed out the inconvenience it would be to me to remain at Aix, and the propriety in them, to procure by some means or other, an interview between me and the doctor; observing, that if they meant to administer impartial justice, they ought to do so immediately, as the circumstance of avoiding me, was strongly against him.

The

* Town House.

The magistrates, seemed men of sense, and justly disposed, who, after some consultation together, very properly called upon me to say who, and what my condition in life was; having given them satisfaction on that head, they ordered the city serjeant to attend me to the doctor's lodgings, and the serjeant to inform him, that he must give me an interview in private, or they would bring him into the public court for that purpose. Upon that resolution, the doctor's advocate slipt out, I apprehend, to give his client notice; for on my arrival at his lodgings preceded by the bare headed Town officer I was informed, the doctor was gone to take the air in his charriot: however I left *my officer* there, to give me notice when he returned, and in about half an hour, I was informed that I might be admitted, to an interview.

The

The doctor received me standing on the *lowest step* of a flight of stairs, which leads into the court-yard of his hotel; *dare*, said he, *lick at me si vous* please; affecting to speak neither French nor English! I desired therefore to look at him in a room and more upon an *equal footing*, and expressing my surprise at such a reception, a lady, (i. e. a shop-keeper to whom the doctor paid his addresses) shewed us into a parlor, where the doctor, holding up his hat to his head, and trembling exceedingly, denied that he ever saw me before, or that he was ever at St. Ives in Cornwall, and at the same time assured me, he was a native of Glamorganshire in Wales; after a quarter of an hour's conversation with him, and feeling some pity in seeing a well appearing countryman under such extreme perturbation of mind, I took my leave, not doubting but he was the same person whom I had seen and conversed

verled with at Bath, under a different name, but not so thoroughly satisfied as to warrant me to swear to the identity of his person, I therefore gave Mr. O'Hara a paper, wherein I declared I believed him to be the same person, and told him, that if he was to lay five hundred pounds to two, that he was so, I should be glad to join with him.

Mr. O'Hara appeared much disappointed, and urged me to make an alteration of one word in my certificate, as the translation of it into French, rendered it of less force, than in English; but it being the word I had expressed my real sentiments under, I could not consent to alter it, and I left Aix early the next morning, without staying to see the gigantic figure of *Charlemaine*, which was to move in grand procession, within an hour or two after my departure,

Y

attended

attended by the clergy, nobility, and bourgeois of the whole city.

You will see by this history, that even my *own age*, has not given me a sufficient share of worldly wisdom, for we had a narrow escape of our lives in coming hither, it cost me more than such a piece of knight errantry ought, and I believe Mr. O'Hara was not much better pleased with my negotiation, than the doctor. In a future letter I will let you know the effect of my *prescription*, for most people think it will *work him* off the premises.

I am, &c.

P. S. I forgot to tell you, that I put one very awkward question to the doctor: I asked him whether he, who professed himself a regular-bred physician, understood latin? assuring him that the person I had formerly
known,

known, did not; indeed I knew before I went from Spa, that he did not, thought he had openly declared there sixteen years before, that he was one of Raetliff's travelling physicians.

LETTER,

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LETTER, XIV.

BRUSSELS.

I Can now inform you that *Dr. Ractliff's* travelling physician, has taken a French leave of Aix, and that the law suit of course is at an end, though a certain English M— of P—t came here the other day, who is of the same county the doctor came from, boasted, that he would stand his ground: he wished it I believe, for reasons I will at some other time make you acquainted with.

The truth of the matter is, the doctor is a native of St. Ives in Cornwall, and was bound an apprentice to an apothecary there, but staid with his master a very short time, he is well known to Mr. P—d of that town, a gentleman of a most respectable character, his mother and his brother (who is a fervant)

vant) live there at this day ; and if it was
 necessary I could give you his life (which
 is a very extraordinary one indeed) from his
 cradle to my interview with him at Aix,
 but I shall content myself, and you too I
 dare say, when I tell you, that he had the
 temerity to offer himself to represent a cer-
 tain town in C—l, and to oppose a gentle-
 men of fortune, fashion, and respectable
 character, who had at that very time
 a paper in his pocket, written with
 the *doctor's own hand*, in order to be
 sent to the news papers, saying *that on*
such a day, Dr. S—s was robbed and murdered.
 Nor was that the *worst piece of paper* he had
 in his possession ; if this account is not suf-
 ficient, I fancy Mr. Moore, secretary to the
 society for the encouragement of Arts and
 Agriculture in London, can give some fur-
 ther information of this ingenious Cornish
 Esquire ; who draws for his money under
 the

the name of W—s, but who gets his drafts
endorsed by Mr. S—s!

I forgot to tell you, that there is no place where holy relicks are in greater abundance to be seen then at *Aix le Chappel*, but the greatest curiosity that city has produced (*except the doctor*) is a latin testament, really found in the sepulchre of Charlemagne, and consequently it must be at least, nine hundred years old, it is written on fine thin paper, or vellum, something like gold beaters skin, twenty times doubled, the characters are in large capitals, well preserved, and quite clean, except at the beginning of St. John's Gospel, and that is soiled, because all the Emperors were sworn on this book at their coronation; and there it was they laid their hands.

The Inhabitants of Aix, like the governor of the principality, always keeps the
 faro

faro tables, black and red, *trenté quarranté*, &c. *in motion*, for the *benefit of strangers*, and particularly for the amusement of *m^r Lord Anglais*;—with you, pensions are granted, and shameful ones too, from the civil list; here, the P—e B—p grants annuities from the profits of the faro tables, so that many thousand pounds, the property of infant Briton's, are made over to the natives of this! And since it appears, that so many of our young men of fortune, come abroard, merely to have the free liberty to play; much as I abominate the practice, I think it would be prudent, if our government, was to suffer all sorts of gaming at home, that the money won, should not be lost to the state, for I assure you, that there is more joy at Spa, at Aix, or at any of these little gambling principalities, when one Englishman of fortune arrives, than when ninety-nine of any other nation make
their

their *entrè*. What can this be owing to? Is it that we are richer or weaker, than the men of other kingdoms? It certainly cannot be that we are wiser or better, for I have found, that passing under any other denomination than an Englishman, has made the roads *smoother* to me, than passing in *propria persona*.

I am, &c.

P. S. What determined me only to certify, and not to swear, to the doctor's identity, was, by putting the following question to my own court of conscience. Had I met the doctor previous to the conversation relative to him, and been told he was an Englishman, should I have recollected him? No: I indeed remembered his legs, better than his face, tho' time has made no other impression on either, than time does on a good appearing healthy subject,

subject, and if I have been hard on him, let him remember how insolently he has treated, in all his writing the physicians of skill and real knowledge both in England and abroad.

LETTER,

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L E T T E R, XV.

BRUSSELLS.

I Did not think it possible, that you, or any friend of mine, could have mentioned Lord Audley's name to me, on any subject which could have given me pleasure, and I am convinced you would not have mentioned it, had you not been sure the subject *alone*, which induced you so to do, would prove agreeable to me.

For I highly approve of that *one act* of his life, in forsaking my family name, and taking up that which best belongs to the *tainted* one, whose title he with such *propriety* bears. A family name, which has *more than once been recorded*, for the commission of crimes, not only of the deepest dye, but of such *unnatural complexions*, that
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the history of the whole civilised world cannot produce *another instance* of it.

I lay no stress on birth, or family, but where it is marked with virtuous actions, and since Lord Audley has done me the honor to part with a name he has *no pretensions* to, and take up one which better becomes his conduct, I must display a little of my vanity, by informing you (if I may credit what Mr. Edmonson tells me for I have not seen it) that when his peerage is published, you will see a splendid, and a SPOTLESS pedigree in it, of my family, from the reign of Edward the first, down to my most honored and respectable father and mother; who left eight sons, *seven* of whom, were men as distinguished for their superior understandings, as they were for their manly virtues, and that there is not a single instance for five hundred years past, of any crime, beyond the common failings

failings attendant on human nature, been committed in it, by an individual.

I am happy, also, to embrace this occasion, to pronounce ONE exception IN HIS, for his mother, Lady Elizabeth Thicknesse, being MEEK, HUMBLE, and VIRTUOUS; was abandoned by her *nearest* relations, and left in expensive lodgings in Bath, *which she could not discharge*, long before I knew her! An unfortunate relation of mine, who then lived with her, made me acquainted with her and her unhappy situation. I pitied her, and pity you know is the parent of love. She told me her brother James Lord Audley, urged her to retire to a convent in France, and that her brother John, the late Lord, visited her at Bath, when her sister, Lady Mary lay dead in her lodgings, and assured her, that neither he, or his brother, *had a guinea in their possession*, and that he was
desired

desired to inform her, she had no *settled fortune*, and depended wholly on the generosity of her brother James.

Under these conditions I married her, and they seemed confirmed, by a *false copy* of the marriage settlement, delivered to me by the ^{QUEEN} *well known* and *notorious* Francis Garvey. At length, however, I discovered the true one, and then informed the *noble Lord* her brother, that I would no longer submit to such *right honorable proceedings*, and that he must either meet his sister and settle that business with her, or *meet, and settle it with me*: by this method, and the kind interposition of the present Duke of Montagu, the business was soon effected, and her fortune, little more than three thousand pounds, was settled on her Ladyship and her children, with the addition of fourteen hundred and fifty of my own
added

added to it, and the whole was placed in the funds, in the name of the Duke of Montagu.

A gem of inestimable value, is now and then found in the midst of *corruption*, such a gem I found even in the Audley family, and the only one which has appeared in it, since the execution, on tower hill, of Mervin Touchet, Baron Audley, for holding the limbs of his wife, while her person was ravished by his favorite footman, and whose daughter also, he compelled to yeild to their brutal passions, the better to reconcile them to *submit to his own!!!*

I find I am unawares got deep into a recital of the *virtues belonging to the present George Touchet, Baron Audley's* family, therefore I will proceed a little further, and give you the out lines of his Lordship's conduct to the unfortunate man who begot him.

Till

Till his Lordship was about eighteen years of age, I cherished, loved, and maintained him, at an expence I could ill afford, when, by the kind friendship of Lord Bateman on my part, his Lordship procured him a pair of colours in the Queen's regiment at Gibraltar, from whence he wrote to me in terms of unbounded affection, love and duty, while I was at Barcelona, lamenting that his regiment was ordered to England, or he would instantly have come down to visit me at that city.

But soon after my return to Calais, his uncle died, *and before I had seen him*, his title and estate, became *Mr. Touchet's*, for he instantly determined to forget his father! nor would he to three affectionate and congratulatory letters, make me any reply; but when Mrs. Thicknesse called upon him to remember my misfortunes, my feelings, my age, &c. he did condescend to write
her

her a civil answer, and said he should always *esteem her*, but thanked God, he had none of my feelings about him :—a truth I will give him full credit for.

When I returned to England and had resided more than a year near Bath, I was attacked with a disorder, which seemed to threaten my dissolution; and as his Lordship knew that the money settled on his mother, and her children, was to be disposed off in such proportions *as I thought proper*, he could not but know also, *what his share* would amount to, unless he could counterfeit a reconciliation; and as he wanted, *what he will always want*; he employed Mr. Palmer of the Bath Theatre to come over in great haste to me, to tell me, how sorry he was for his misconduct, and *how glad he should be to be reconciled to his dear father*, and as a proof of his sincerity, Mr. Palmer was desired to inform me that he
would

would settle two hundred pounds a year upon me for my life : but let it be remembered, that *then*, my life was not worth a quarter's annuity.

Convinced he could not be sincere, yet unwilling to refuse an interview at *such a time*, with a child, however base, who asked it; I desired he and Mr. Palmer would dine with me the next day, and that the curtain might be let down before all past days ; determining, if I found my paternal affection return, I would never look behind it, if not, that I would withdraw myself rather than play the part of an hypocrite, and so I told him.

His conduct was such however for a considerable time [that MY AFFECTION did return, and I had no reason to suppose (though I heard nothing of the two hundred pounds a year) that he was not, be glad at least, to live on good terms with me, and

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his

his family; having thus *amused* me for about a year, and doing me the honor of accepting a large quantity of French wines from my cellars, he thus attacked the *feelings* and *failings* of a forgiving and affectionate father: *after having curled my grey hair, he thus added to its whiteness.* I want sir, said he, to go to London, but I cannot: I owe there a thousand pounds, and I know not how to avail myself of my privilege of parliament, and not pay my just debts. The *last* part of this *artful speech*, made me rejoyce at the truth of the *first*, and as a proof that I did so, I instantly told him, that if he would pay his just debts, and promise me not to embarrass himself again in the same dilemma, I would write to the Duke of Montagu, and prevail on his Grace to let me do that in my life time, which I most certainly meant to do at my death, i. e. to make the distribution of the money settled; and give him the thousand pound he wanted.

The Duke, after consulting with his council, as to the propriety and justness of such a transaction, consented. I accordingly went to London, sold the stock, paid all the law expences, and placed a thousand pounds in the hands of Messrs. Hoare, for the use of George Touchett, Baron Audley: but when this point was carried, instead of Mr. Palmer's *promised two hundred pounds a year*, his Lordship very reluctantly signed a deed, subjecting his Wiltshire estate to the payment of fifty pounds a year to me for my life, under the uncertainty of his own, for if he dies before me, I lose, what I could not have lost, had the money remained where it was.

I then reminded him of his promise, but declined it, upon condition of his settling an hundred pounds a year, for his life, on Mrs. Thicknesse, to commence after my death, which he complied with. At that

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time

time, and I believe at this, he had an ulcer on his lungs, and as both annuities cease with him, neither are of much value, for I fear he will not outlive either of us, I fear it, for fifty pounds a year is more than I can *live*, and *lose*.

Now my dear sir would you believe it, that I have never once got this annuity paid, without *frequent demands*, and that I have been obliged to knock at his Lordship's door in Pall-Mall, and present his servant with a pistol, and desire his Lordship to come out and shoot his father, rather than starve him, before I could obtain it; for I must inform you, that he had no sooner got his ends of me (as the poor deluded girls express themselves) than he left me to *curl my own hair* and lye on my bed like a fool, as I had made it. Having repeatedly called upon him for half a year's interest long due, his servants were employed to write me
balderdash

balderdash letters, and on my sending a special messenger over to his house in Wiltshire, for the last half a year's interest, due at christmas 1783, his Lordship honored me with a reply in the following manner.

“ SIR

“ The money is paid into Mr. Hoare's hands, and I have paid the messenger you sent over.

“ I am, Sir, your humble servant,

“ AUDLEY.”

The money was paid, but it had been due several months, and Messrs. Hoare had applied for it more than once, to avoid giving me the pain of so doing.

Every body, says Swift, can *bear the misfortunes of another perfectly like a christian*, and I know but few men who will not take the part of *young worthless Lords*,
because

because they are Lords, rather than their *old*, injured parents.

An old *square toes* in the eighty fourth year of his age, told me the other day, that he had heard him well spoken of*. Instead of being offended I told him the following story. My father who was a respectable and conscientious clergyman, (for he was no *parson*) thought it his duty to visit two of his parishioners, they being very old, and bed-ridden women, (mother and daughter) and to pray with them, as they were unable to attend their duty at the parish church. They both received my father very civilly, and sat up in their beds to hear him read the proper prayers, to people in their condition, for a full hour. After which, the youngest of the two ladies who was seventy six, broke wind upwards, and then said, *pray sir can you tell what's good for*

I have heard Miss Blandy, Cranston, Dodd, and Donellan, well spoken of.

for the wind? But I have just cast my eye on Mr. Bunbury's print, of the long story-teller, which I would call *inimitable*, only I find I have *imitated it*.

You will not, *now*, my dear sir wonder, that I, his *own* brother, his *own* sisters, and all his family, have long since renounced all connection with him, and I have only to lament, that I am obliged to think of him *twice a year*. Thus, *lordly treated* as I have been, I shall never think, whatever means I make use of, that is not dishonest, to be dishonorable, to recover to my injured family, the money I have so unworthily bestowed on George Touchet, Baron Audley, though it were to exhibit about the streets a magic lantern, or to promote the sale of queries to his Lordship by shewing such who buy them, the head of a *Compte* not much worse, than some whose heads are still upon their shoulders. But Lords think they have a privilege to do as they please; knowing that if they
are

are corrected for their *paltry conduct*, the prostitute pens of *reviewers* will bear them out, and I make no doubt, but I shall see a vindication in the monthly and critical review of Lord Audley's conduct, in the same uncandid manner I have lately seen another Lord vindicated by those gentry, but then let it be remembered, that the *vindicators conceal their names*, and I write mine at full length.

PHILIP THICKNESSE.

P. S. It is worth observing, that when his Lordship was only *Ensign Thicknesse* all his letters to me commenced *Dear Sir*, but after the *sham* reconciliation, it was Honoured Sir, this shews his *plan* was of *retiring* after the business *to be done* was compleated.

☞ Lady Betty and Lady Mary Touchet lived together at Bath, and when the latter died, their debts were complicated, that I paid both, to the amount of above two hundred pounds, except, that the father of Phillott, who then kept the *Three Tunns*, declined in a most handsome manner, receiving more than half his bill, though the whole was tendered. A circumstance which ought to be recorded to the honor of the father, and a *memento* to the son.

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

IF it be your desire of making a tour into the Austrian Netherlands, to see what is to be seen in the towns and cities you pass through, or to enjoy the beauties which a fine country on all sides offer to your eyes; you will not be disappointed; but if your plan be, as mine was, to spend the remainder of your days in Flanders, France, or Germany, you will be apt to do, as I intend to do, convinced, that no part of the continent can long continue agreeable to an Englishman; who has been accustomed to live even with that decency, which the English of middling fortunes live in their own country. For this reason, it is, that the English nation alone are the least satisfied with the fare they meet with abroad. The neatness of

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our houses, the cleanliness of our butchers, bakers, &c. render the houses, shops, and manufacturers of what we eat and drink on the Continent highly disgusting. The servants and boys of the bakers, in the low countries, and in France, are the dirtiest miserable looking people in each, no part of their persons being clean, but *their legs and feet*, for they are always *visible*, and with which I have good reason to believe, much of the bread is kneaded; and though the tables of all orders of people are covered with a variety of dishes, which may catch the eye, or provoke the appetite, an Englishman, whose stomach is not depraved, will soon wish to see a plain wholesome dish or two of meat *a la mode d'anglois*, set before him. This you know has been my fifth journey to the Continent, on each of which, I found the necessities of life exceedingly advanced, and in this last, so much so, that except in the
 article

article of wine, which I confess is, with me, a matter of some consequence, I cannot recommend either France, Flanders, or Germany, on the score of œconomy, as places of residence for English families, especially protestants: for though the Emperor has wisely opened his territories to men of all nations, those who differ in the religion of the natives, are perhaps more disliked, than in France, where they are not tolerated. Let it be remembered, however, that I speak only of the lower order of the clergy, and people; for among the superior orders of both, sound philosophy and good sense are not wanting; and where that is to be found, a protestant need not be afraid of wanting their protection; for cases may, and do frequently arise, which may render it necessary to claim protection: a recent instance of which I hinted to you in a former letter, I shall for obvious reasons, relate. A party of English

protestants, of both sexes, went lately into the Great Church at Liege, to hear high mass, one of the company, a short sighted lady, when the host was elevated, observing some extraordinary emotions in the congregation, took out an opera-glass, and directed it towards the high altar, to see what occasioned it. The pious people at their prayers, (and they were very numerous,) construed the lady's innocent curiosity to be meant as an insult; they instantly began to jostle the strangers, and endeavoured to push them down, when, if they had, they would in all probability have been soon trampled to death. The alarmed strangers hurried towards the door, the congregation pressed hard after them, and it was with difficulty they reached the nearest shop, where they were kindly received; the people however, who followed them from the church, surrounded their asylum: the street passengers stopped to enquire

enquire the cause, and among them, fortunately, two military officers, both catholics, who knew the strangers, got admittance; and after learning the cause of the tumult, endeavoured to convince the enraged multitude, that no offence was intended, and that all they had done, arose from the mere curiosity of their being strangers in the country, and to the ceremonies of the church: yet to such a degree of violence were the people wrought, thinking *their cause*, the cause of God, that a guard of soldiers only could protect them from violence, and convey them safely to their lodgings. I have mentioned this, not with a view of reflecting on the Catholic religion, but as a caution to those whom curiosity may lead into the same, or more flagrant errors, for the church of Rome is no more censurable from this untoward circumstance, than it is for the rising of a mob, or the burning of New-

gate, in London. For my own part, if I go into their churches, as I often do, to partake of their heavenly music, I have no objection to join with them in looking up towards the same God they worship, and in the manner they do. The Mahometan priests call from the towers of each mosque at Constantinople, when the sun is setting, and thank God that the day has been well spent: and who is there who has not mispent it, but will be apt to join in the chorus, and say as they do, O God! O God! there is but one God. He will not indeed say with them, that Mula Mahomet is prophet: but if a mellifluous voice, calling upon God from on high, and from a temple dedicated to his worship, does not make some impresson on all men who hear it, I should have no very high opinion of their heads or their hearts. If therefore, to join in adoring God when high mass is performing, under a noble band

band of vocal and instrumental music, be
 sinful in a protestant, set me down if
 you please, as your sinful, yet faithful
 humble servant,

P. S. The common people of all na-
 tions are extremely superstitious, and in
 all catholic countries, particularly so.
 Therefore, when protestants go into their
 churches, they should never fail dipping
 their fingers into the holy water, and cros-
 sing their breast therewith, as catholics
 do: for such who enter without using this
 very innocent ceremony, inform all those
 who see them, of two truths they ought
 to conceal; one is, that they are strangers,
 the other, that they are protestants, or
 Jews. All strangers would pull off their
 hats if they went into a court of justice,
 in a strange land, and why not dip their
 fingers into a little salt and water, in the
 House of God? Had the party at Liege

made use of this precaution, they would have passed (*spy-glass and all*) unnoticed. I know the superstitious part of protestant readers, will say, *indeed I will do no such popish act*. Then I say, go not to *popish* churches.

LETTER

L E T T E R.

I AM now turning my face towards a country, which must be dear to every native, and dearer too in proportion as they have experienced the blessings and comforts it affords above all others. Whether we consider it from the face of nature, its LIBERTY, its religion, its laws, climate, or its situation, I shall return to it too, with the more satisfaction, as that unfortunate civil war, which has so deeply wounded the hearts of every feeling Englishman, is now at an end :* it is no matter what sort of a peace it is we have made ;

I have no reason to respect Lord S——e ; he promised me, but performed not his promise. But as he saved my country, by making peace during his very short administration, I can not only forgive, but esteem him. The continuance of even a successful war, must have undone us ; and if Lord N——h continues minister, peace cannot save us.

made; any peace after *such a war*, must be deemed a good one. While the HABEAS CORPUS act was suspended, it did not seem to me, *to be my country*; for though I had done nothing to be ashamed of, I had endeavoured to expose those who had; and as they had the power, and I saw in *what manner they exercised it*, I endeavoured to consider myself a citizen of the world, for I cannot say I love my country from the *favours it has so repeatedly bestowed upon me*: I have not gratitude enough for that: but yet I love it; as a man doats on a false mistress because she looks lovely, though he knows she has often jilted him. The love of one's native country is, I believe, so implanted in mankind, that neither time, nor treachery, can supercede it; and I find that all the Irish gentlemen, who have been thirty, forty, and even fifty years, in the service of France and Flanders, thirst for the recovery of their parent earth,

even

even to take their *last departure from*. It may be accounted for in protestants, because they are neither allowed christian burial, nor to lie quietly in the hole allotted them. A recent proof of which I can give, as it happened lately. General Lloyd, who died at his house at *Huy*, five miles from Liege, was buried in a field near his own house, but his body was dug up a few days after, and lay exposed there to the human, as well as to brute beasts, till it was devoured by the latter; nor did the *Christian bishop who is so polite to all British travellers, on their way to Spa*, take any notice of the insult offered to the remains of a man, when dead, whom he caressed exceedingly, when living! This proves, that a living dog, is better than dead lion. The general had a British pension of four hundred pounds a year, (I know not for what, for he never served his own country) and Lord N. gave him
four

four hundred pounds, *not* to publish a little pamphlet he had printed : Lord Torrington is in possession of this valuable tract, and I hope, when the history of England comes out, *by Sir George Notgnirrot*, we shall see it in the appendix. But more of this matter when we meet;—*when we meet!* How flippantly do I talk of meeting, and settling for *the remainder of my days!* as if my days, were not already passed : but it is the nature of man, let his age be ever so great, to think the day of his *own* dissolution is far off ; and yet every man who has seen sixty years pass over his head, has seen more than one man in ten thousand lives to see, for at that age, he really stands in the light of a criminal condemned to certain death, but favoured daily by his prince, with twenty four hours reprieve. When I was twenty, I considered a man old at forty ; but now, being turned of my grand climacteric, I detect

detect myself often in thinking I am myself young ; whereas, it ought only to remind me of the goodness of God, that he has vouchsafed, amidst the "*rubs and jarrings of this tumultuous life*," of which I have had an ample share, that he should have enabled me to bear up against them, and in the midst of them, to enjoy an uninterrupted course of bodily health, and animal spirits ; such as has not fallen to the lot of *all those who rubbed and jostled me* : the noble earl who laid the foundation of my ruin, who came in the midst of his civil prosecution, to be a witness against me, when I stood at the bar of a military tribunal, and who had *previously declared*, he would never drop me till he had undone me, spent the last ten years of his life, an object of my sincere pity ; for seeing his deplorable condition, I have often, as I passed him, affected lameness, that I might not seem to insult him with a shew of too much superior

perior health. I had to my heart forgiven him, and thought, till I heard of his death, that he felt the same towards me. For I have it under his hand that he not only forgave me, but acknowledged that he was the aggressor; but as you inform me, my name is not mentioned in his will, I will inform you that he deprived my family of more than a thousand pounds by a malicious and ill-founded *persecution*. I cannot call it prosecution, and yet he might have prevented my mentioning this circumstance, had he left me even a guinea ring, as a token that what he declared when living, was his dying sentiments. Had I been in possession of Abbé Mann's helebore receipt for the gout, he would have had it before you; presents of less importance passed between us. But peace to his manes!

I am, &c.

LET-

L E T T E R.

AFTER all, my dear sir, that can be said, and all that can be seen; the truth must be acknowledged, that to an Englishman, no country can be so agreeable as his own; my former year's journey upon this main land, was interesting and amusing to me, and so has this, but both tend to teach me how to enjoy, if I have life and health to return to it, my peaceful hermitage. A retirement of that kind, is interesting to every sensible mind. There is no man living who has not been, at one time or other, nay, I may say, who is not continually compelled by the disappointments of life, the duplicity of mankind; and the satiety of enjoyments; to look with anxious expectation to a retreat, and solitude. In the splendid
 scenes

scenes which furround the palaces of wealth, and greatness; we seldom fail to find, some shady cave, that marks the abode of an imaginary anchorite. Nor is all the magnificence of architecture, displayed in temples, columns, and porticos, sufficient to adorn our modern Edens, without the contrasted form of some humble grot, where solitary sanctity might be supposed to retire. There is no one whose lot has been cast in the active scenes of life, who has not frequently exclaimed with the prophet Jeremiah, *O that I had a place in the wilderness*; but few however, have the resolution to obey the impulse which would guide them thither. Some lurking passion yet unsatiated, some idle hope yet unextinguished, some natural weakness, yet unremoved; keeps us halting between the engagements or pleasures of life, and the leisure of retirement; till it is very often too late to make any profitable

profitable use of it. It is not, indeed, every one who can, or ought to retire, however he may languish for retreat: there are certain duties of life which may hang upon a man to his last moments, and which it would be criminal to take from him, while they remain to be performed. But he who is at full liberty to make his choice, and seeks the shelter of retirement, will I make no doubt experience (for I have more than once tasted it) the conviction of *Similis*, a captain of great reputation under the emperor Trajan, who having obtained permission to retire, lived seven years in retreat, and ordered to be inscribed on his tomb, that he had been many years in the world;

BUT HAD LIVED ONLY SEVEN.

Such a retirement as his, was not the retirement of a gloomy Carthusian, equally useless to himself and to mankind, but that retreat from public society, which af-

fords the means of employing our faculties in an undisturbed pursuit of wisdom, and a due preparation for that end which cannot be very remote. In retirement, we may regulate or improve our minds; and it may be, in forming instruction for posterity. In short, it is such a removal from the world, as may secure us from its contagion, but not so remote as to cut us off from doing good; which should be the grand object, for it is the real end of life. He who converses with nature, and a few intimate friends, lives a life to be envied. But it is necessary for a man before he resolves to retire, to have seen the great show of the world. It is a gaudy scene to look at, and therefore to be able to quit it, he should first peep behind the scenes, examine the wires and mechanism of the show, and know how the tricks are performed; and when that is sufficiently known, the entertainment should cease.

L E T T E R.

LOVAIN.

IT is well that you mentioned a circumstance of more importance, not only to you and me, but to most men, than most men would be aware of here, or I should perhaps have neglected to tell you, that to deal with the wine-merchants of Bruffells, for wine, is in general, giving your money for poison; they have a method of brewing several sorts of wine, and particularly what *they call Burgundy*, with pigeon's dung, and an artificial sweet white wine, palatable enough, in which a quantity of brimstone is infused. It was my good fortune, however, to get a hogshead of excellent claret, but I had it from the cellars of a villain, who by putting me in possession of good wine,

attempted to defraud me in another way of ten times its value, and by my recommendation, he hoped to put off his vitiated wine to others. It is astonishing to me, that you and our countrymen, deal only, or in general, with the French and Portuguese for wine, as it is past all doubt, that the wines of Germany and Hungary infinitely superior, are to be had more genuine, and at a less price. The wines made from the hills adjacent to the Rhine, is perhaps of all fermented liquors, the best; Hock, you know, takes its name from the village called *Hockleim*. When this wine, or Rhenish, is procured genuine, in my opinion, it is superior to all others, but then it must be bought in large quantities; eight *aumes*, I believe, is the least quantity sold on the spot, but it improves both in strength and flavour, in proportion to a certain age. For it is a great mistake to imagine that wine, cannot

cannot be too old. There is a time, when wine as well as men, arrive at maturity: after which, wines as well as men, lose some part of their original vigour; and though they give you wines to taste of an hundred years or more, it must be observed, that as they sell great quantities every year from their large reservoir tons, so they as constantly fill them up annually, with new wines. If therefore, you send to *Frankfort* for the best Rhenish wine, not for Hock, in a few years you will have Hock in your cellar at half price. it is inconceivable what a variety of excellent wines this country, and Hungary produce, the latter very little known; all of which are superior to French, or Spanish wines, except perhaps Burgundy and Champagne of the first growth, in good years; for who can doubt but that Hungarian wines must be excellent, when it is considered that *Tokay* is the produce of

a high mountain in that kingdom, and that what we sometimes taste at the first tables, is not of the first growth, for *all that* is sent to the Emperor. The wine of St. George *Ausbruch* is also a most delicious wine, and very little inferior to the second class of Tokay. This wine is made in the same manner as the Italians make that called *Lachryma Christi*. But our English wine-merchants have their own factors settled at the ports of France, Spain, and Portugal; and they seem determined that their countrymen shall drink according to their interest, rather than their own *gout*. It is a great mistake, to imagine that the wines of Germany are apt to create the gout; they may, it is true, be unfit for those who have the gout, or the seeds of that disorder in their constitution; but in sound bodies, it is more likely to prevent, than to promote a gouty habit. In Champagne, where the wine of
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the country is constantly drank, there are few or no gouty people; and *real* Champagne is a very wholesome wine. Mr. Douglas says there is no country in the world, which produces such a variety of excellent wines as Hungary, and that he was told at *Vienna*, of an entertainment given to the Empress-queen, at *Presburgh*, by an Hungarian nobleman, where above an hundred different wines were produced of the growth of that country. Some of the common wines, he says, are excellent of their kind, and are sold very cheap, particularly the *Buda* wine, which is very like Burgundy, and perhaps equal to it. A German writer says, that a great quantity of this wine used to be sent to England, in the reign of James the first, over land to Breslaw and Hamburgh, and that it was the favourite wine of the court. The *Sexard* wine is strong, and deep coloured, like the wine of Languedoc; this wine on the spot, costs only five *cruutzers*,
wine

or two-pence halfpenny a bottle. *Sexard* is on the *Danube*, between *Buda* and *Esset*. Now you, who are young and rich, and not behind hand, as most men of fortune are, might get into your cellars the new wines of Germany and Hungary, and find that pleasure and comfort in drinking them with your friends many years hence, at half the price you must then pay for adulterated, and perhaps unwholesome stuff. *Pliny*, and the most able physicians, preferred wine in the middle age, and I will drink your health within this half hour, in claret not above four years old: such wine, that could I drink it constantly, I think I should be some years longer an earthly wine bibber, than will be my lot. But I intreat you to think seriously of a matter of such importance to your health, and convenience to your purse, as the wines of Germany and Hungary,

I am, &c.

At

At an inn, with good wine, and good
cheer, where I am often reminded of the
following lines of poor Shenstone :

Whoe'er has travelled life's dull road,

Where e'er his various tour has been ;

May sigh to think, how oft he found

His warmest wellcome at an Inn.

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

NOTHING will strike the eye of an observing stranger with more surprise in this city, than to see on a navigable river, more than an hundred miles from the ocean, such a number of large high-masted vessels of various constructions, lying before the town; the navigable canals and rivers throughout all the low countries, are indeed wonderful. Some progress of inland navigation has been successfully made in England; but yet the nation at large, do not seem to know the astonishing advantages which would arise to the kingdom, if it were more general. I can therefore, no better enforce the truth of what I recommend, than by giving you some extracts from *Mons. de La Lande's Canaux de la Navigation*, and particularly

particularly his account of the grand canal of Languedoc, not sufficiently known to us Britons. It was first projected by *Monf. de Bonrepos*, encouraged by the great minister *Colbert*, and supported by *Lewis* the XIVth. *Monf. Bonrepos* was so sanguine in the execution of this wonderful achievement, that he was willing to take all the expences upon himself, and his efforts were crowned with success. The work was begun in 1665, and the canal was navigated on the 15th of March, 1681. Twelve thousand men worked upon it, and before *Monf. Bonrepos* died, which was in the year 1680, the harbour of *Cette*, where the canal joins the Mediterranean Sea was formed, and the reservoir of *St. Feriol*, the aqueduct of *Repudre*, the basin of *Narouse*, and the astonishing arched vault of *Malpas*, were completed. This canal is one hundred twenty-two thousand four hundred and forty-six

fathoms in length, from the mouth of the lake *Thau* to the sluice of the *Garrone* at *Toulouse*, where there are above an hundred basons, which form sixty-two sluices; it has sixty feet at its surface, and the water is always six feet deep. The navigable boats draw but five feet, but they are frequently loaded with an hundred tons. Two hundred thousand pounds weight! The expence of this canal, was about sixteen hundred thousand pounds sterling. It costs one hundred thousand *petit ecus* yearly, to keep it in order; but its profits are more than double that expence.

Monf. de La Lande says, that a wagon with six horses, and two drivers, carries between two and three thousand pounds weight, and observes, therefore, that a single boat, navigated by two men, loaded with two hundred thousand pounds weight, is the saving of two hundred men,

men, and six hundred horses. The number of waggons in France, says he, are about twenty thousand; and supposing that each waggon is drawn by two horses, and conducted by one man, he concludes that forty thousand horses, and twenty thousand men, are employed to raise the price of all that the earth produces, and to spoil the roads; which require an hundred thousand men to keep them in repair. *Monsf. de La Lande* then shews, that to feed a single horse, the whole crop of ten or twelve *arpens* (acres) of ground is consumed; and proves past a doubt, the ruinous consequences of too great a number of wheel carriages. But to such Englishmen who do, or who it is hoped, may, turn their thoughts this way, the book of *Monsf. de La Lande* on this subject, is earnestly recommended to their serious attention. The reader will find all this illustrated in a clear and judicious

cious manner, in the work itself. But what I have extracted from it, will be sufficient to shew, the wisdom of the French government ;—to administer admonition to *our* superiors, and fellow citizens at home, and to evince the incontestible advantages of navigable rivers and canals, in every country, where nature has rendered an inland navigation practicable and easy.—I have passed upon this canal, and that passage taught me, no more to wonder at the great works carried on by the Romans, than to admire those of the last and present century. The *Pont du Gard* near Nimes, the amphitheatre at Nimes, and the *Maison carrée*, are baubles, when compared to the canal of Languedoc; projected and carried into execution, by the

IMMORTAL RIQUET DE
BONREPOS,

from

from whose profound knowledge of *Geometry* and *Hydraulics*, this great work was began, and nearly compleated before he died, in the year 1680.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

ANTWERP.

IT is very singular that Antwerp, a few miles distance only from Brussels, differs as much in the laws by which it is governed, as it does in the manners of the people. At Brussels, *all is French*, at Antwerp, *all is Dutch*! Which of the two, with respect to the people, is best, I will not pretend to determine: but with respect to the laws, Antwerp bears all the credit and honor due to humanity. That barbarous and tyrannic custom of secretly trying criminals, destroying their bodies, and confiscating their property, in all the other provinces of the Pais bas, Austrian Netherlands, and France, does not prevail in this city.* The criminal
and

* Perhaps, this is the reason, why Antwerp has produced more men of genius than any other city in this country. Here the men had *liberty to think*, and it appears

and the accuser are brought face to face, in open court, before the *Bourg Mestre* and two or three *Echevins*, and they are even allowed two council to plead for them. If the *Question* be put, the punishment must be in the presence of two *Echevins*; and if the prisoner be acquitted, he is instantly discharged: if guilty, he is executed or punished the next day. But only a moiety of his property is forfeited: the other goes to his wife and children, or nearest relations. Though I have more than once, in my correspondence with you, mentioned the *Question* being put, I doubt whether you know what sort of punishment it is, which is inflicted on a man *before* they know, whether he be innocent, or guilty! What-

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appears by Ruben's letters, that a kind of perpetual motion was first made at Antwerp, and *Gemma Fusus* printed at this city in 1530, a method of finding the longitude at sea, by means of clocks or watches, and this was very soon after the invention of clock-work.

ever it be, it is a most shameful mode of proceeding; and the best account I can obtain of it is, that the supposed offender, is fixed on a frame to which there are certain stretchers put to his limbs, to draw them gradually beyond their natural extension; and at the same time, drops of water are let to fall upon the breast, or some particular spot of the body, which by repetition, become almost intolerable. Many years since, I knew an elderly officer, at Bath, whose proper height was, when standing erect, about five feet eight inches, yet he assured me, he could, (and had often in his youth done it) so unlock his frame, and stretch his body, as to touch a six-foot standard; but as the operation, he said, was attended with great pain, I never asked him to perform it. But this is a proof that a man may be so *wire-drawn* by force, and suffer extreme bodily pain, without any visible marks remaining,

maining, to shew what he endured : I have seen the inside of goals in my own country, and in this also. To be deprived of liberty, is a grievous punishment of itself, but to a man of feeling, to be under the control of those unfeeling wretches, to whose custody prisoners are placed, exclusive of being the companion of so many sons and daughters of woe, is a sufficient punishment alone, for petty crimes; and what no man ought to suffer in my opinion, for debt : but he who has only seen the interior of British prisons, cannot have the least idea of the prisons here, and in France; and as no Englishman, however innocent his life and manners may be, can be quite sure, he may not be *compelled* to see them here, it is to be hoped none will remove to reside constantly either in one or the other, who can possibly contrive to live at home. I have

tried it more than once, but had I known what I tried, and the risque I run in the experiment, as well then, as I do now, I would not have exchanged a certainty for an uncertainty, for there was no other balance in the scale, but a bunch of large ripe grapes, instead of a green one; and for which you must endure intolerable heat in summer, and be starved all the winter; for a good fire is seldom to be seen in any house on the continent; and when it is, two or three coxcombs always form a screen made of their *broad bottoms*, between the company and the flame. This constant practice of *shewing their persons, to advantage*, at the expence of common decency, is one of the fashionable *pieces of ease*, some of our young travellers bring home with them: to shew that by going abroad, they have picked up a degree of confidence sufficient to insult a whole room

full

full of company with a *bon grace*. When one of these fine gentlemen happens to have a good leg, and can lay his sword over his left knee with ease, he is convinced that every lady in the room, who are perhaps wishing him with the devil, are falling in love with him. A Frenchman, or a foreigner, can commit these sort of *faux pauxs* in an easy unrestrained manner, but I never yet saw an Englishman do it, without betraying that he did it with as much pain to himself, as to the insulted company; and with the awkwardness of a young actor, before he has got the better of the awe, the audience lay him under. This is however, an offence against good manners, which the ladies only, can with propriety correct. For some of those people who foist their backs upon a fierce fire, will not do so in the field. And what man of sense would

would ~~W~~risque his life against that of a
 combs's — I however intend to be
 even with them, by turning my back
 by one ~~man~~ to all their fires, and
 shewing my face soon at yours.

I am, &c.

BETTER

LETTER.

BRUSSELS.

IF you should meet in this country, as most probably you will, a little pert *Jew-looking* fellow, with a nose and a *finger too*, something like old Cervettes; take care of him;—I mean, take care to avoid him. Avoid his house, avoid his wife, and *avoid all the mean wretches*, who countenance so contemptible a fellow. To caution you, and the unwary part of my countrymen, to avoid the snares of the men in this, is a principal part of my present undertaking: I shall therefore relate a curious attempt, made at my purse, perhaps too at my person, by the *Nosey* of the *Pais bas*: he observed, that as I was a house-keeper, and within the first year

year of my residence, I might, by an edict of the Emperor's, have within that year, all manner of household furniture come to me from England or France, duty-free; and therefore he desired I would give him permission to address a table-clock, he had bought at Paris, for his own use, to me at Brussels. I accordingly consented, and the clock, with some other things, got to his house, under the sanction of mine. Mr. Nofey, however, soon after informed me, that as I might have occasion for *other* goods from England, he had put down *fourteen or fifteen* parcels, to be inserted in the permit, instead of two or three, in order to *save* the trouble of a second application to the *entré-port*. A circumstance, I did not much approve, but as I did not intend to make use of it, I let it pass, though not unnoticed. Some time after, I received a letter by the post, from England, signed

Broderip

Broderip and Longman, musical-instrument makers, in London; informing me, that they had received my order for an organ, fortè-piano's, music-books, cords, tuning-hammers, &c. &c. to a great amount, and that they would immediately have shipped the goods, but were doubtful whether the order was of my hand writing, and that they had shewed the letter to Mess. Hoare, who were of opinion, that the letter was not of my writing. You may imagine my surprize, for I knew nothing of those persons, but as respectable in their great line of business: I therefore desired they would send me the original letter, and be assured that it was a wicked attempt to impose upon them, as well as upon me. The letter was sent, beginning, *My Dear Sirs*, and signed with my christian and sur-name! The hand-writing was no more like mine, than a Jaw's-harp is like a violoncello.

The letter had the post-mark of Ghent upon it, and I traced the *fiddling scoundrel* from this town to that, on the very day which bore the post-house date thereon. But as an English doctor of divinity, seventy-six years of age, and a British peer, are both clear he is not the person I *took him for*, I only took my leave of him, and them too; but I found soon after, he made some other attempts in the *musical way*, which procured him a *tuning*, that cracked his *cranium*, lowered the *dorsum* of his nose, and sent this *Pere de Adagio*, (so he calls himself) in Cromartic lamentations, to get an *emplastrum* from the hands of an artful wife; it is not musical instruments alone, however, that *Nosey* deals in; he is a haberdasher of corn, wine, and oil; watches, or rings; flesh and fowl; in short, (*pig-meat excepted*) he is a dealer in all things, and in *all ways*. He was born in Italy, educated in Holland, toad-eater

eater to a metamorphosed d---fs in England, and is now the *privy counsellor* to a *Paisbas Peer*; and the bosom friend and companion of my cousin *Dr. Dick*, of Wiltshire; a good hand at christening of bastards, or defending of Jews; and who is fond of spending his time any where, but where his duty to God, and to his parishioners should keep him.

I am, &c.

enter to a metropolitan in Eng-
land, and to the very compiler to a Pa-
triarch, and the dolor friend and com-
panion of my cousin Dr. Dick, of Wit-
shire; a good hand at chaffing of bar-
tends, or denuding of Jews; and who is
fond of spending his time any where,
but where his duty to God, and to his
parishioners should keep him.

I am, &c.

L E T T E R

BRUSSELS.

I HAVE your letter upon my table, wherein you tell me, that, from the reiterated entreaties of the younger part of your family, you are actually in the contemplation of a design to pass a winter upon the continent; and, at the same time, desire me to give you my opinion as to the eligibility of Bruffels for your place of residence.

I shall not enter into the trifling minutiae of comparative expence between London and this place; your fortune has raised you above the misery of such an enquiry; nor shall I fill four pages with an account of amusements that are not worth four lines. To yourself these things are nothing; as for the rest of your family, novelty would make them every thing. But to my purpose.

F f

Bruffels

Brussels is a large handsome town, and the upper part of it possesses some magnificent features. The public walks are elegant, the ramparts are extremely pleasant, and the environs exhibit a varied scene of splendid cultivation. I need not tell you, that it is the residence of the governors-general of the *Austrian Netherlands*, who maintain a court in ease and elegance; and to which the *King of Great-Britain*, though without any the least apparent necessity, sends a residential representative. There is a French comedy throughout the year, with *ridottos*, concerts, &c. throughout the winter. The post comes from England as regularly twice a-week as winds and waves will permit; and I have frequently received letters from London very early on the fourth day. These advantages naturally induce many of our countrymen, whom the impulse of curiosity, domestic imprudence, or the frowns of fortune, have urged from their native shore, to reside in this city; and I do assure you, that, for an English family, this
circumstance

circumstance alone is the ultimate and insurmountable grievance of a *Brussels residence*.

I shall not anticipate your feelings on this assertion, but relate the facts as they are, and the disagreeable circumstances which will befall every one who remains, for any time, in this place, and enters into a social intercourse with the British part of it.

The English here consist of the following classes; with a few exceptions only:

1. Ruined or deranged nobility.
2. Ditto - - gentry.
3. Persons of small fortunes.
4. Ditto, who having but little fortune to give their children, are resolved to give them a good education; which they believe to consist of French, dancing, and a tincture of foreign manners; all which may be obtained upon much more moderate terms than in England.
5. Young men on travelling excursions.

6. The unfortunate and the indigent.

7. Now and then a family of good fortune venture upon a winter here; but I never heard of one who did not quit the place with more than common dissatisfaction.

Indeed, I know one instance of a London bankrupt of infamous character, who has contrived to set up a sort of trade here, and by giving credit to one or two needy English families of rank, and keeping a convenient house, has erected himself into consequence, and finds admittance where honest men and gentlemen are received with coolness.

Such are the characters that compose the little British colony of this place. It might indeed be supposed that one cause, operating in a greater or less degree upon them all, would annihilate the nonsense of empty distinction, assimilate them to each other by one common tie, induce them to live, as it were, under the same roof, and to form

one

one general, friendly, and uninterrupted society. Such a society might be arranged without difficulty, in which not only the comforts, but some of the elegant pleasures might be enjoyed at a small expence, if the resident English here would leave their follies in their own country, and be content, on their coming abroad, without collecting others to supply their place. But truth presents a very different picture; and it is my duty to copy the original as it exists, and not to give you such an one as my heart might wish to see in its place.

The nobleman, whom ruin has grafted upon the continent, still plays with the baubles of birth and title, and does not forget the distant bow and uninviting smile of more prosperous days; while the man of inferior rank, but of independent spirit, whose fortune may not be so large, but whose debts are much less, returns the supercilious civility, and openly condemns the servile insolence that offends him.—Others,

G g

while

while they flatter superior rank, and are, in reality, proud of its notice, think that they redeem their meanness, by telling what they see, or observing upon what they hear at their great visits, and aid the general disapprobation, by adding a few gentle whispers to the tale of calumny. In short, in this little cohort of ruined or œconomical nobility, gentry, &c. &c. there is a continual exhibition of folly, to say no worse, to which my long experience of the world was wholly a stranger: the figures are here more distinct, and therefore seen with greater perspicuity. In a croud, you have but an imperfect view of any individual who may compose a part of it; but here, as the space is not filled, you see every figure at full length, and may examine all its proportions with ease and at your leisure.

You will naturally perceive that, according to different circumstances and situations, little parties are formed, who, instead of promoting the ends of friendly society, fulfill all the violence of political associations.

But

But this is not all: for though the individual members of each party may unite for particular purposes of amusement and pastime, they all most cordially abuse and calumniate each other. In short, all public conversation is little else but tittle tattle and scandal; and all private individual conference is whispering complaint, and secret resentment.

There is, however, a line of distinction which, by many of our amiable country-folks, is considered as conclusive; and that is, *the being presented at court*. Now, I will venture to assert, that such riff-raff English have been admitted there as to take away all idea of honour from such a ceremony. Nevertheless, it has proved a ground-work of no small pride to several who should know better wherein the dignity of an English gentleman consists. I do not believe, that besides the British minister, and two or three more families of fashion, there is a single English subject who now attends

the levee of their Royal Highnesses, who has ever been present at that of his Britannic majesty *.

As for the women, there are of them who attend the winter balls of the Bruffels court, that never advanced farther at *St. James's*, than to see, beneath the arm-pit of a beef-eater, the Sunday procession of our royal family to and from the chapel-royal. Some of these poor people are driven almost to *starvation*, in order to furnish the necessary decorations of a court appearance; tho' for the comfort of their purse, and the consolation of their stomachs, it requires nothing more than the common dress of genteel life. The condescending disposition of their Royal Highnesses has exerted itself so

* Since the writing of this letter, I am informed, that the *Archduchess*, sensible of the improper people introduced to her, has desired the *British minister* to present no persons whatever to her court, who have not been presented at the court of *St. James's*.—A regulation highly necessary in itself, and will prevent many an *Englishman* and *Englishwoman* from becoming the jest of *Flemish courtiers*.

far

far as to invite such people as these to a dinner, when, for want of manners and language, they exhibit a scene distressing to every body, and every thing but their own pride, which receives a new, inconsiderate puff from the honour they have obtained, and produces an additional daub of *rouge* on future occasions. Hence it is, that persons who do not frequent the court, and are *honestly fulfilling the prudent objects of a cheap continental residence*, are considered by these unnatural courtiers, and courtieresses, as beneath their notice, and unworthy of their attention. “They are people we know nothing of—we never saw them at court—they must be nobody!”—Here is another source of *picque*, abuse, and resentment.

Were you determined, my friend, to pass a winter here, you would bring with you every object that could awaken the envy, ill-nature and malice of most of the English established here before you. Your companions would be affluence, understanding, character,

character, and two beautiful daughters. Those young ladies, whose personal charms however transcendent, form the least part of their merit, would, by the lustre of their beauty, the elegance of their manners, the variety of their accomplishments, and the extent of their information, make the fairest of their transmarine countrywomen hide their diminished heads; and of course call forth every secret effort of their malice;—and it would be very unpleasant to such feelings as theirs, to be the objects of a malicious spirit, however vain and ineffectual its utmost exertions must prove on their subject. To show politeness to every body, would be to please a very, very few, and offend the multitude; and to enter into the miserable distinctions which, from various quarters, would be recommended to you, is not in your disposition:—so that you would leave the ease, the elegance, and the abundant satisfactions of your own home, to be placed in a nest of British hornets. They would not, indeed be able to sting you; but
your

your humanity would be wounded in seeing their malicious efforts to sting one another.

The man of philosophic cast and character may live here in great comfort, and see, with compassion, the war of those petty passions which do not ruffle the composure of his life; but your object is variety, novelty and amusement, and these social enjoyments are essentially requisite.—Among those of your own countrymen you will find little to your satisfaction; and the best society of the natives affords nothing but one uniform, unvaried course of ceremony and cards.

The prepossession in favour of Brussels, as a place of education, has already been, and will I fear continue to be very unfortunate to many an English miss. Parents, of little fortune, frequently bring their daughters here to acquire common accomplishments

plishments at a cheap and easy rate *; and if common accomplishments alone were acquired, all might be well; but it often happens in the carnival, that the Flemish nobility, who are disposed to form groupes of characters, either for balls or public processions in the street, &c. &c. cannot find a sufficient number of their own class and country to make up the show. *From a mere dearth*, therefore, and *to fill the gaps* of these entertainments, the English young ladies are invited. Proud of this little distinction, they are arrayed in all their finery, and find themselves elevated at once from the common society of their own station, to the company of dukes, princes, marquises, counts, viscounts, barons, chevaliers, &c. &c. &c. Neither they, poor things, nor their mothers can reason upon the business; the vanity of the moment bears away every thing before it. They are raised they know not

* The peace, however, has lessened the emigration to this place;—a provincial French town furnishes cheaper and better means of exterior education.

where;

where; and, by a continuation of these subservient honours, they acquire notions, to say no worse, beyond their situation; and some of them have returned to England improved *beyond all expectation*.

From this little unexaggerated history, you will discover what sort of air is breathed at Brussels. If instead of being the object of this letter, you were actually on the other side of my table, I would amuse you with an account of curious disputes, public accusations, hysteric fits, with threats of employing husbands to sustain the quarrels of their wives, and of urging fathers to revenge the insulted beauty of their daughters, &c. &c.—but I have said more than sufficient to prevent you from making Brussels the place of your next winter's residence.—One word more, and I have done.

The people of this country do not respect us. And how should they?—A very respectable and well-informed neighbour of

H h

mine

mine assured me, that ever since he was settled at Bruffels, which is upwards of thirty years, the English residents there, whether more or less, were always at bitter variance one with each other; and he expressed no uncommon surprize, that a people, so universally esteemed for their knowledge and good sense, should, when they come abroad, take so much pains to convince foreign nations, that they have neither one nor the other *. But so it is:—and the only period of my life when I could not stand a-tiptoe at the idea of being an Englishman, was since I became an inhabitant of *Bruffels*.

I have often advised the English traveller never to frequent foreign inns that were kept by his countrymen; and I now must add a caution to all English families who mean to settle, for any time, upon the continent, never to pitch their tents among the little continental colonies of British subjects.

* Dr. C——n.

Your

Your humanity will lead you to wish that I may have coloured my picture beyond nature; but you may be assured that my humanity has softened every tint. I have obeyed your commands in this business, as I shall every other in which you may think proper to employ me, with that truth and sincerity which dictates the assurance of my being

Your most faithful and affectionate, &c.

H h 2

L E T-

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

INSTEAD of giving you the history of a pert, but rather pretty, New-York milliner, who has been for some time past figuring away at our little court here; I shall treat you with a specimen of elegant poetry, from the pen of a British-born lady, now on this side of the water; a lady whom I have admired for the goodness of her heart, the elegance of her person, and the genius of her head, even from a child. I do not know whether she has been presented at court or not; but I know, that when you have read the following specimen of her poetical talents, you will wish to be presented to her; and yet I fear I shall not be permitted to have that honour, by publishing what I must own was surreptitiously obtained. But having escaped detection in
committing

committing petty larceny, I cannot withstand committing this felonious publication of it; well knowing that were I tried by a jury of poets, and you the foreman, I should be recommended to mercy, though found guilty. Having fairly owned the truth, however, I hope to obtain forgiveness in setting before you Mrs. Co—s' Looking-glass;—a glass into which few ladies look for the same good purposes, and in which you may see the reflection of her soul.

TYPE

T H E
LOOKING-GLASS
 A N D
ORANGE-TREE.

By Mrs. C—xs,

IN an apartment where expence,
 Appear'd in full magnificence,
 A looking-glass of neatest taste,
 Within the middle pannel plac'd;
 Gather'd from Sol's meridian blaze,
 Th' assemblage of his scatter'd rays,
 And shot (in borrow'd splendor bright)
 Across the room—a flood of light.
 High on a stand of satin wood,
 An orange tree obliquely stood,
 Whom thus, of fancy'd power possess'd,
 The self-conceited glass address'd :
 “ By my kind influence behold,
 “ How fair thy tender buds unfold,
 “ Which but for my all-fost'ring ray,
 “ Their beauties never would display.

“ Should

" Should not such gay expanded bloom,
 " Such pleasing verdure, high perfume,
 " Thy mind with grateful rapture raise,
 " To render some return of praise,
 " Such as may speak both love and awe,
 " Lest I my influence withdraw."

" Nought can thy judgment more misguide
 " Than pride," the orange-tree replied;
 " But for that passion, thou wou'd'st know,
 " I nothing to thy influence owe;
 " All the perfections which you name,
 " From yonder GLORIOUS ORB I claim,
 " The same whose partial beams I see,
 " Shine with such radiance on thee;
 " And but for whose imparting light,
 " Thou had'st remain'd as dark as night;
 " Then scorn not the advice I give,
 " With gratitude those beams receive;
 " But think not any merit thine,
 " Who only by reflection shine.

" If to thy happy lot 'tis given,
 " To be the instrument of Heaven,
 " Reflect that thou canst naught dispense,
 " But that which thou receiv'dst from thence."

Having

Having now made you a *receiver of stolen goods*, and equally a criminal with the thief, I will own to you, that I thought I might as well suffer for a sheep as a lamb, and therefore stole another; and I dare say you will go *snacks* with me in

T H E

O A K *and the* R I V E R.

A RIVER which from side to side,
Rush'd forward, an impetuous tide,
Which scarce its verdant banks contain'd,
Amidst hoarse murmurs thus complain'd :

“ Me wretched ! whose hard fate decree,
“ Such an unhappy destiny,
“ For ever as I flow to find,
“ Nature throughout her works unkind ;
“ My banks no verdure doth adorn,
“ But 'midst discolour'd grass and corn,
“ Mis-shapen trees their aspects rear,
“ And falling battlements appear ;
“ While yonder brook, those flow'rs among,
“ Thro' smiling vallies winds along,
“ With

“ With lofty elms the borders crown’d,
 “ And verdure flourishes around.”

An Oak which many a year had stood,
 With branches pendant o’er the flood,
 Concern’d; its leafy honours shook,
 And thus the impetuous stream bespoke :
 “ While you regard with envious eyes,
 “ Those beauties, and your own despise,
 “ And thus ungratefully disgrace
 “ Us stately trees, of ancient race,
 “ The blame which you have falsely thrown,
 “ With justice rests with you alone,
 “ Whose turbid motion makes appear
 “ Things the reverse of what they are.
 “ Behold those domes majestic rise,
 “ Whose turrets seem to reach the skies;
 “ Where not th’ exactest eyes can see
 “ Any mis-shapen imagin’ry.
 “ The verdant grass, and flow’rets fair;
 “ Few banks can with your own compare;
 “ That envied brook, which as it flows,
 “ Each objects just proportion shews;
 “ Those flow’ry vales and smiling skies,
 “ From all internal calmness rise :

“ In you much charms can ne’er be seen,
“ Till you become like that—serene.
“ If happiness you wish to find,
“ Let gentleness possess your mind.”

Now, my dear Sir, having *returned* the stolen goods a little injured, I own, by the hasty package, I throw myself upon the mercy of the fair author :

For, “ to her happy lot ’tis given,
“ To be the instrument of Heaven.”

I am, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

AS I am at a place which is the *fag-end*, or, if you do not approve of that expression, the first step of the *diplomatic ladder*, I shall trouble you at present, for want of a better subject, with such reflections as have occurred to me on the *British diplomatic representation* *.

* The court of Brussels is not that of a sovereign prince.—The *Archduchess* and *Duke of Teischen* are Governors-general of the Low Countries, by the nomination of the *Emperor*, who is the sovereign.—The real business, therefore, when there is any between *Great-Britain* and the *Austrian Netherlands* must be arranged at *Vienna*, by his Britannic Majesty's plenipotentiary at that court.—The *consul at Ostend* is sufficient for all the purposes of immediate, national business;—the rest is an idle, useless, extravagant sinecure; and if the present ministry really mean to do what they profess they will do, they will abolish it.

Governments that have any regard to their own honour, or that of the nation over which they preside, will pay a more than common attention to the abilities and character of those men whom they select to represent their sovereign at the courts of foreign princes. The ancients were most scrupulously attentive to the circumstances of this employment, in which they thought the honour of their name as well as the interest of the state was involved. They, therefore, never clothed any but the most able and virtuous men with the dignified character of Ambassador. The more politic nations of succeeding ages have followed their example; and even, in our day, Great-Britain is *alone* distinguished for suffering ignorant, inexperienced and ruined people, to be among the number of its foreign, residential ministers. A French minister is seldom chosen for any other reason than approved qualifications for his trust.—To be a bankrupt at home, or so infamously vicious that he cannot be decently protected

in

in his own country, rarely recommends a man to foreign employment in any government but our own.

In the appointment of a foreign minister, character, talents, information, independence, manners, and a perfect knowledge of the French tongue, at least, should be considered as necessary qualifications.

Without the natural importance of personal character in a foreign minister, his nation is, in the highest degree, disgraced. Foreigners must either suppose that we have no character ourselves, or that we are very indifferent about it, by such a nomination; and foreign courts have a right to consider themselves as insulted, when a person, who would be thought unworthy of filling a place in his own court, is sent to possess an honourable station in theirs.

If a minister does not possess the necessary abilities, how is he to execute the functions
of

of his employment, by supporting the rights of the crown he represents, and preserving that chain of alliance and treaty unbroken, whose uninterrupted strength may be essential to those distant national interests, which he is appointed to superintend, protect, and promote?

Though he may be blessed with talents equal to his station, he will not be able to apply his powers with effect, if he has not acquired a store of political information, by which he may be able to form a right judgment of the concerns and interests of his own country, as they may be compared or connected with those of other nations.

By *independence*, which is a most necessary ingredient in the composition of a foreign minister, I would not be supposed to mean, exclusively, a large independent fortune, but rather that *independent spirit* which ennobles every station, prevents the possessor of it from sullyng the honour of his public

or

or private character, and preserves him from those temptations which, in the trying moments of personal exigency and distress, it is so difficult to resist.

Elegant and winning manners, which Lord *Chesterfield* denominates the *art of pleasing*, are of wonderful efficacy in all the operations of life; and are most essentially necessary to that character which is now before me.—The *French* possess this quality in a high degree; and from that, among other accomplishments, they may derive their acknowledged superiority in the different courts of *Europe*.

It may appear singular, perhaps, that I should suppose such an absurdity as the appointment of a person to the charge of a foreign minister, to whom the *French tongue*, at least, is not familiar: but I really could name a *British plenipo.* who, though he has a *French master* in constant attendance, is not qualified to hold a common conversation,

tion, without a most distressing perplexity; in that necessary and universal language.

Now, my dear Sir, having given you my poor opinion of the considerations which should actuate government in the nomination of foreign ministers; I shall proceed to hint at the conduct which such a representative of majesty ought to adopt, in order to support the honourable station to which he is promoted.

It becomes him to preserve the dignity of character, requisite in a person who is named to represent a great sovereign and a great people. For this end, he should turn his back, with disdain, on the *society of low, base, or infamous persons*, and direct his friendly regards to those of real merit and approved worth. All his actions should bear the stamp of an honest and noble mind; but, above all things, he should so regulate his private affairs, as never to suffer the disgrace of having his gates besieged by the
angry

angry complaints of impatient and clamorous creditors.

If in the ordinary exercise of his office there is any duty of a foreign minister more requisite than another, it is that of manifesting, upon every occasion, all possible respect and veneration for the character of the monarch whom he represents, as well as for that of the sovereign at whose court he resides: His eyes should be for ever turned from their imperfections; he should see nothing but their great and good qualities.—To insult the name of such personages by unfavourable descriptions, or tranquil insinuations, is a mark of the deepest ingratitude, as well as the most extreme folly, and merits an instant recall from the office that he dishonours*.

Whatever

* Nevertheless, our King, like other masters, is abused by ungrateful servants.—What would you think of a foreign minister, who, after treating the sovereign he represents as an obstinate, ar-

K k

bitrary

Whatever his private sentiments may be of men and measures at home; though he may have been an inferior individual of a party, whose practice, for years, was to denounce the ruin of their country, and to ridicule the character of their sovereign;—he should now get rid of his former bad habits, and never express himself, or encourage any miserable emissaries he may have about him, to speak against the government which he serves.—In all the changes and chances of domestic politics, he should preserve one sober track of expression, and keep the greatest possible distance from party rancour and violence. Nor, in case of any delay in the payments of his salary, should he expose the temporary distress of his master's purse, by violent outcry and saucy com-

bitrary, and silly character—should, in the most unreserved manner, apply terms of *weak, rash, wrong-headed, and tyrannical*, to the *monarch* at whose court he resides?—If I were to add a few other circumstances, fresh in my memory, and of easy proof, the folly would be almost incredible.

plaint;

plaint; more especially, if his station is a sinecure, and that he has been appointed to it from mere motives of charity and compassion.

He should manifest a ready attention to his countrymen, whether they visit him *en passant*, or are his resident neighbours.—It is not in their society, at least, that he should play the great man, affect an idle consequence, and betray an unnecessary pride.

He should maintain a certain reputable hospitality, and not send his guests hungry from his table, or make the tardy payments of his salary an apology for a miserable œconomy in *one article*, when he or his family exercise every species of extravagance in every other.

A foreign minister should not suffer his wife, if he has one, to enter into petty cabals, or indulge a malicious disposition, in wanton and ill-founded scandal; nor should

he connive at her raising contributions on the ignorant young men who frequent her house, under pretence of *executing commissions*, or *giving them small sums to play with for her or her children*. He should also disdain to employ people for less than their common price, or exact the credit of years from them, by a prospect of the *vast* advantages which must arise from his patronage and recommendation.

It is an unpleasant idea, but the fact is so, that in the British government alone, there are examples of men, who, having been protected by the privileges of station from a gaol in their own country, find, in the investiture of diplomatic character, a preservative from the confinement of continental prisons.

Reform is the favourite and fashionable idea of your present political world; and if you were to begin with the *corps diplomatique*, the first advance would be very encouraging.

couraging.—By annihilating the embassies that are useless, and turning the ministers plenipotentiary into residents, in all the inferior courts, a very considerable saving might be made, and several thousands a-year be kept at home, that are consumed, without answering any end, to say no worse, in foreign countries.

Oliver Cromwell was at a very trifling expence in foreign ministers; and he was perfectly well acquainted with the foreign affairs of his day. In *Queen Anne's* prosperous reign, this article amounted to little more than £40,000 *per annum*. In Mr. Pitt's administration, when our country attained to an height of glory unknown to any other period or nation, the annual diplomatic expence did not exceed £50,000; and, at this moment, when the patriot cry denounces ruin and bankruptcy—when we have not had time to breathe from the distresses of a war, *in which* we were but ill served in this department, and *by which* the resources
of

of supernumerary expence have been so greatly curtailed—at a period when the nation rests all its hopes on the œconomical wisdom of government, the pay of foreign ministers amounts to *ninety-six thousand pounds per annum*.—But this is not all: for notwithstanding the cruel expence I have just stated, an observing English traveller has the mortification to see that, from the lowest consul, in the most insignificant maritime town, to the highest order of foreign ministers, the French have in abilities, industry, activity, prudence, national zeal and personal consequence, a most decided advantage over us.

At a time when every nerve must be strained to restore our importance to credit in the eyes of Europe, the British government should exert a more than common attention to the character of its foreign ministers.—But this department of the state does not seem to be a sufficient consideration

consideration *.—Instead of respectable talents, approved integrity, and personal consequence—domestic meanness, small estates, and ruined fortunes, are, sometimes, considered as sufficient qualifications for the diplomatic representation of our country.—Thus the truth of *Rocheaucault's* is established amongst us:—*Les rois font des hommes comme des pieces de Monnoré: Ils les font valoir ce qu'ils veulent; et l'on est forcé de les recevoir selon leur cours, et non pas selon leur véritable prix.*

I am, &c.

* This is an object well worthy the attention of our present (I hope) able, virtuous, and patriot minister.

LETTER;

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

THE last production of Mons. Voltaire's pen is a tract called *Prix de la Justice et de l'Humanité*. Every body knows the spirited conduct of Mons. Voltaire to expose the ignorance, superstition, and mal-administration of justice against such who were accused of violating the laws of the Romish church. The wide field he took, relative to the unhappy fate of the *Calas*' and *Sirvens*' families, is perhaps extensive enough almost to hide the deformities on the worst side of his portrait; and, when we have a Frenchman's *own word*, to shew, that the French nation, in spite of that urbanity which is so very captivating, suffer the most odious and barbarous penal laws still to exist among them, what I have said before relative to the danger of Protestant families suffering in Catholic countries, will, I hope and believe,

lieve,

lieve, prevent an infinite number of inconsiderate British families from leaving their native country, forsaking their religion, and placing themselves under the terrors and dangers of offending a church which cannot look upon them but with a watchful and an evil eye.

The account that Voltaire gives of the young men of *Abeville*, who were condemned in 1766 to have their hands cut off, their tongues pulled out, and then to be burnt alive, and which sentence was cruelly executed, for some irreverence shewn to a wooden image of the Virgin Mary, ought not to be forgotten. These indiscreet and giddy-headed young men were tried and condemned only by the judges of *Abeville*. But their sentence was confirmed by the TRIBUNAL at *Paris* by a majority of *fifteen to ten!* and five executioners were sent from *Paris* to perform the bloody deed with the utmost rigour. The day after this horrid execution, I passed over the *Grand Place* of

that bloody city; and perceiving a heap of ashes, and that the post-boy turned almost short to avoid going near them, I asked him the cause. He replied, it was the ashes of some heretics who were burnt there yesterday!—I leave the reader to guess what my *Protestant feelings* were, when I found I was in a large and beautiful city, the whole inhabitants of which had been regaled the day before at an *auto de fé*: and yet at this day a great number of Protestant English families dwell at *Abeville*!

In this same tract, Mr. Voltaire gives an account of a cloud of witnesses at Lyons who swore they *saw the dead body* of a young woman who had been ravished and murdered: the depositions to this pretended fact were very numerous; and yet at length the judges acknowledged, that no girl had been either ravished or murdered, nor any dead body been seen by the witnesses! The case of *Monseigneur de la Pivardiere* is still more extraordinary!—*Madame de Chauvelix*, his
second

second wife, was accused of having murdered him in his own house. Two of his maid servants were witnesses; and his own daughter heard him cry out, *God have mercy upon me!* one of the maids on her death-bed took the sacrament, and declared before God, that her mistress had a design to murder her master; others had seen many strong marks of guilt in the wife; and some had heard the report of the pistol which finished him! His death, however, was universally believed: yet, at length, it appeared, that nobody had been murdered, no gun or pistol had been fired; for *Mons. de la Pivardiere* returned home: but returning just as the judges were about executing vengeance on his wife, they did not care to lose their process, and therefore insisted upon it even to his *living face*, that he was a *dead man!* and it was eighteen months before *Mons. de la Pivardiere* could convince the judges that *he was still alive!*

Another instance Voltaire gives of a person named *Montbailli*, who without either an accuser or a witness, was taken up by the tribunal at *Arras*, tried there in 1770, and condemned to have his hand cut off, then broke on the wheel, and lastly to be burnt alive, for killing his mother. The sentence was carried into execution, and his wife would have been thrown into the flames with him as an accomplice; but pleading her pregnancy, and the chancellor of France hearing of the iniquitous proceedings, reversed her sentence. "My pen," says Voltaire, "trembles in the relation of this infernal business; nor is there one year," says he, "that the gibbet or the rack is not stained with the blood of innocent and *unfortunate citizens*."—If then, my countrymen, *unfortunate citizens* fall innocent victims every year in France, where in France, or where in any Catholic country, is a safe resting-place for strangers? NO WHERE. Stay therefore at home, in these times particularly; it is a duty you owe your KING, and

and your INJURED COUNTRY. Both have been deeply wounded; nor can the wounds be ever healed, without the attendance and assistance of every individual. I own myself a criminal, and one who deserted my native country; but it was only to avoid the pain of seeing it in the hands of men who appeared too criminal for an honest man to abide with. They are removed; and therefore I am returned. We are now (I hope so at least) in a fair way of seeing the laws of the land, and the LIBERTY of the subject no more invaded. When I went abroad, the *Habeas Corpus* act was suspended; and he who had crossed the British Channel within six months, and who was not a friend to the wretch who has aggrandized his own family in proportion as he has diminished the glory of the empire, was perhaps safer in any country than his own. But now, I will venture to pronounce it, with all the heavy taxes already laid upon it, and those which the present minister must still lay upon us, to be the cheapest, the
safest,

safest, and the most comfortable spot on the habitable globe. To convince my countrymen of this unquestionable truth, has been the chief cause of my troubling my friends, and the public with such trite and commonplace observations as the preceding letters contain: but if it in the least restrains that spirit which at present prevails among people of small fortune, of living on the continent, under the false idea of œconomy, it is as much as I aimed at. The frequent journeys I have made to the continent, where I have more than once been a settled inhabitant and housekeeper, have given me opportunities of seeing and knowing what *ground I stood upon*. Nay, I have even penetrated into Spain, the most superstitious kingdom on earth; and though I am returned in safety, I would not for any earthly consideration make another excursion into the interior parts of that kingdom, in the manner I travelled in it in the years 1775 and 1776, being well convinced, that in every inland city, town, or hamlet, the bare
suspicion

suspicion of being a Protestant, and consequently an heretic, renders every Protestant in personal danger.—A church struck by lightning, an earthquake, or the sudden death of a mule, an ass, or a goat, would, if it happened while a Protestant was in the town, or under the roof, be attributed to his presence, and his life might atone for it.

My horse was sick at a little hamlet where I staid some time at the foot of Montserrat; but I was thankful it was *my horse*, rather than *my host's mule*. Indeed, I constantly visited his stable, pig-stye, and goat-herd; for I determined to move the minute I perceived *the devil was disposed to disturb the swine*, the ox, or the ass, or any thing that was his.

✂ My brother, late high master of St. Paul's school, under whose care and attention the *noble lord* who changed his name is commented upon, says, "You should not be too severe upon his lordship on that account; for in an angry correspondence I had with him some time since, I told him, If he did not change *his* name, I would change *mine*."

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

AS I find myself quite disqualified to furnish you with matter of entertainment from this city of vice and gaiety, accept, therefore, in good part, matter of another kind. You are under forty, and therefore I will not allow that you are past the age of danger, were you to make this city, as you propose, your next winter's abode; for in that case, you would of course be presented to the little, but elegant court held here by the arch-duchess; the consequence of which is, that you must make afterwards, a round of visits to all the noblesse who attend it, and who form that brilliant assembly. Your visits will all be punctually returned; for those strangers who are *young and rich*, will find a prince, a duke, a count, or a baron, among them, who will intimate to them, that by a little address, or by *his favour*, they may be admitted, if not

M m

a mem-

a member, at least visitors among the
 GRAND SOCIETY. Now, as I have ob-
 served above, length of days only can qua-
 lify a man to see the springs and wheels
 which give motion to the machinery of this
 little world; professions of regard due to
 strangers, good breeding, artful flattery, fine
 women, sumptuous tables, are all thrown
 in the way of a young man of fortune, to
 cover the real cause of so much attention :
 now see him seated between a duchess and
 a countess, both possessing the charms of
 beauty, graced with the most easy and cap-
 tivating French manners; a noble repast
 before him, and the most delicious wines in
 Cios at his elbow; thus placed, and being a
stranger, the attention of the whole table is
 to make him happy, and if in such a situa-
 tion a young man of fashion, in a strange
 country, does not feel himself so, I am at a
 loss to guess where happiness is to be found ;
 for here he finds every passion of man gra-
 tified; nor does he go to sleep without flat-
 tering himself, that he is in a fair way of
 being

Being admitted to a *tête a tête* with one or more of the charming women, under the cover of whose *chaste hoops* he enjoyed such a happy evening. The next evening, after the play is over, he meets the same agreeable society, and finds himself as much at home, and at his ease, as if he was at the manor house in Northamptonshire. In this situation, the stranger, *who knows he is a very handsome young man*, no doubt forms some plan of *further happiness*, without suspecting that many of the party, who are not so rich as he is, would not dislike a draft upon his banker, or even a mortgage on *Cranbury Castle*; and as both sexes constantly play in this country, it may be presumed *both understand it very well*; *mi Lord Anglois*, of course, is one of the party; and if he wins of a lady, it gives him an opportunity of shewing his *good breeding*; if of a prince, or a duke, why it is honour enough to have such great personages his debtors; but if he loses, and it is ten to one but he does, he must pay directly: for every body here knows that

an Englishman has so much money, that if it were not for continental excursions, they could not tell what to do with it. Now, Sir, lest you should suppose this is an imaginary picture, sketched out without an original to copy from, I will come to a matter of fact. I found here a young gentleman of Ireland, of genteel appearance, of good address, and of easy fortune; I found him a member of this grand society, and living in a great degree of intimacy with the first people here. It seems upon *his first* arrival, however, that he lost a considerable sum of money to a native of high birth, and of course paid it. At some distance of time they played again, and the stranger became the winner of a sum even greater than that which he had lost a year or two before; but instead of being paid, he was informed by his antagonist, that he was not to receive his fortune as a younger brother, till the age of thirty, and therefore desired to be permitted to pay the debt by installments, and engaged the winner to give his
word,

word, that he would not let his brother know what had passed. The *Pais Bas* peer, however, never made good his engagements; went to Paris, would neither answer letters, nor pay drafts made upon him; and therefore having cancelled all former obligations, the stranger determined to lay the matter fairly open to his high and mighty brother, and did so; but what was the consequence?—He was asked, “whether he did not know that they were the first people of that country; and was told that his brother wore a sword!”—and I believe it was intimated, that the doors of the brother’s house were no longer open to the abused and ill-treated stranger. But finding that such *Pais Bas hauteur* would not do, and that the young *stranger wore a sword too*, some other mode of moderating matters was to be employed. Another great man, related to the former, then steps forward, censures the conduct of the two brothers, opens his doors wider than ever to the stranger, and softens him into more patience.—

tience.—Now you will say, but is he paid? No:—nor do I suppose he ever will:—is it not enough to have the honour of dining with a prince, supping with a duke, and dancing with a duchess, without being paid a thousand pound or two? Sir, what could our countrymen do with their money, if it were not that the people of this are so obliging as to put them in the way of disposing of it? for every body here, even down to the beggars, know, that an Englishman has no other way to make himself easy, but by bestowing his money to make them happy. but as it is charity to give to the latter, and folly in the highest degree to play with the former, determine, my dear Sir, if they keep you company, it shall be for the sake of your company and conversation, not for the reversion of your fortune. I had the honour to be permitted to present John Duke of Marlborough's pistols to the Prince de Ligne; the very pistols which he wore in his saddle when he was hostile before the gates of this city; in
 my

my next, I will send you a copy of his Highness's letter of thanks; and shew you, that the consequence of losing your money at play, or attempting to purchase the favour or protection of the great men of this country by presents, or good offices, terminate often fatally, always unsuccessfully; and that the only way to *deal* with them is in their own way, *i. e.* in smiles, bows, and civil words; remembering always a Frenchman's reply to me, when I asked him why he was so civil to every body; "*Because*, said he, *it cost me nothing*;" but be assured, it will cost you SOMETHING, if you enlist under the *banner* of the high and mighty lords and ladies of the *Païs Bas*.

I am, &c.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

EXCLUSIVE of what I have said of the danger a stranger may be exposed to on religious accounts, who wishes to make this country the place of his constant residence, he is liable also to many others. Assassinations are very common in and about Liege, a city as replete with vice as it is with inhabitants. You cannot remember, (but I can), when a villain there murdered Colonel Gumley; and though he was known to be the murderer, he neither fled, nor was he prosecuted: and I saw at Aix-la-Chappelle, a stranger lye dead by a pistol bullet, where the dead body excited the curiosity of half the town; but I heard of no enquiry after the murderer!—In such a country, therefore, it is necessary to form some connection with men of rank or power; and under that idea, I was presented by a gentleman to the Prince de Ligne, who
asked

asked me to dine with him, and shewed me some other marks of attention; and as he is a man of a particular turn, a turn I can no better describe, than by calling him the JACK SPENCER of the *Pais Bas*; a character you have often heard of, and one whom I had the honour to spend many happy days with, I thought I could not bestow John Duke of Marlborough's pistols better, than on the *Jack Spencer* of the *Pais Bas* *, a general officer, and governor of Mons.

What impression this valuable present made on the prince, I cannot say; but his own words in the following letter will dispose you, probably, to think as I did, that the present was a very acceptable one; yet such are the uncertainties of this life, that the consequence may be, that my own artillery may be turned upon me; for I am

* Exclusive of their being the highest finished and most beautiful pistols I ever saw, they were the very pistols which the duke wore in his saddle, when he rode hostile before the walls of this city; and they were ornamented with the Imperial Eagle, and family crest of his Grace.

sure his highness is brave, *if not generous* ;
and will not take the advantage in arms,
however he may over-reach me in *politics*.

“ JE suis si pénétré de reconnaissance,
“ et de joye, Monsieur, qu'en attendant
“ que j'aie vous temoigner l'une et l'autre,
“ je ne puis m'empêcher de vous assurer
“ que si le Pape m'avoit donné les clefs de
“ S. Pierre, et même du Paradis, il ne m'au-
“ roit pas fait autant de plaisir. Puissent
“ les pistolets d'un grand homme me ren-
“ dre aussi utile à L'empire et L'Angle-
“ terre. Puissé-je trouver dans ma vie un
“ Hochstedt. J'ai trouvé en vous un ami,
“ car je ne puis rencontrer une plus grande
“ marque d'amitié. Vous m'en avez in-
“ spiré, et de l'admiration aussi. Soyés
“ persuadé de la considération distinguée
“ avec laquelle j'ai l'honneur d'être,

Monsieur,

Votre très humble, et

très obeissant serviteur,

LE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

“ Je ne quitterai jamais mes chers pistolets.”

Soon after the receipt of the above letter, the prince sent a servant to inform me that he would call at my house at a certain hour, and desired I would dine with him. He did so; but instead of taking me to his own hotel, conveyed me to the *Pais Bas* club, where I found most of the first people of this country, all the foreign ministers, and *one English nobleman*; and where I could hardly eat my dinner for the painful attention Baron Hopp, the president, shewed me as a stranger: for it seems no stranger can be invited to this club, but by the president; and the prince had desired Baron Hopp's permission to ask me under his authority. After dinner Lord Torrington, *not then the British plenip.* was named president for the succeeding week; and as all his family had more than once condescended to partake of such hospitality as my house afforded, and as he had made a very *proper apology* for not asking me, or any body, to his; I was vain enough to expect, in a strange land, and among the first company, to whom I

had been so introduced by a man of the highest rank, to have been *one* of the *two*, whom his lordship, as president, had a right to invite to the same table that day se'enight: instead of which, he only took occasion to let me know that he had *heard of my elegant present to the prince, and how happy it had made him.* What might have passed between him and the prince on the same subject, I cannot say; but from *that day* the prince never shewed me the least mark of his countenance or favour, and declined even getting me a key to open the park gate, opposite my house, though I had given him what he thought more valuable than the keys of *the gates of paradise.* I applied to him repeatedly by letter, to know who had *cut me up* with his highness, or what I had done, or omitted to do, which had given him offence; but I never could obtain any thing in reply but a mere *perfi- flage* of words! I suppose *somebody* had told him, that I was not a proper person to be honoured with his future favours; and I am
more

more inclined to think so, because Baron Hopp asked me to visit him, among other marks of attention, and yet never returned the visit which I made him the next day. I was probably asked to meet his Majesty's *charges des affaires* at this club, with a view of seeing in *what light* I stood in the eyes of my noble countryman; and that was made clear enough *in theirs*. I afterwards met with the young prince and princess de Ligne at Spa, who were very polite to my family and to me, till they found out that I was the person who had presented their father with the duke of Marlborough's pistols, and *then* they, too, became equally shy! But before I left that place, the prince himself arrived, with the Count Artois; and I had then an opportunity of an *éclaircissement*, and of asking the prince what offence I had given his highness, or what injury had been done me, through some sinister means, to deprive me of his countenance and favour. I shewed him how hard it was upon me, who presented him with the
pistols

pistols to give him pleasure, to have in return an infinite deal of pain; and that if his highness did not remove it, it would be an act of the highest injustice to me. But many *fine words* were all the satisfaction or information I could obtain; for my business was so compleatly done, that though I and my family had been asked to the magnificent breakfast given by Count Torfesendorf to Prince Artois, we were not asked to that given by the Prince de Ligne! It is plain, therefore, there had been some DEADLY BLOW given me, but by what vile hand it was struck, I do not *certainly* know. I am sure, however, I did not merit it from any quarter, and least of all from that where *circumstances* led me most to ground my suspicions.

I am, &c,

LETTER,

L E T T E R.

HERMITAGE; near BATH.

I WAS much disappointed in not finding you in London, as I passed through in my way hither from Dover. The first thing I did after landing there, was, to write to the Prince de Ligne, to inform him that I was now in the land of freedom and liberty, and therefore hoped he would permit me to publish his letters relative to those sentiments he entertained of me; and the attention he had permitted me to shew him, and what I thought due to me in return, as it might be of service to such of my countrymen who followed me, to know what they were to expect when they visited his; and hinted at some singular transactions, which had passed during my abode at Brussels. I have this minute received his answer; but it is wrote in such a hand, that instead of copying it, I will translate it.

“ I give

“ I GIVE you leave, Sir, to publish my
 “ two letters, on condition that you pub-
 “ lish also this third. All the pistols and
 “ *pistoles* in the world would not make me
 “ return those of the duke of Marlborough;
 “ I had esteem enough for you to accept
 “ them; I still have esteem enough for you
 “ to keep them. I told you, that if I met
 “ with the sword of Prince Eugene I would
 “ send it to you, that we might be even.
 “ It had been better you had dealt freely
 “ with me.—Will you accept of a present
 “ of another kind? I shall readily oblige
 “ you. Send me your account of the
 “ Low Countries; it will divert me. But
 “ the prince of Aremberg, whom you men-
 “ tion in so unworthy a manner, in your
 “ letter full of malice, will not at all be
 “ pleased. I warn you of it; and he will
 “ not make it pleasing to you. Spare a
 “ respectable nobleman, whom you alone
 “ speak ill of. You will teach me nothing,
 “ not even good manners. I never make
 “ any

“ any visits, nor enter into altercations with
 “ any one; and this is my last letter.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble, and
 very obedient servant,

Mons.
 Aug. 31, 1783.

LE PRINCE DE LIGNE.

“ P. S. However, Sir, although your
 “ manner of behaviour in respect to my-
 “ self and relations, might reconcile my
 “ not being grateful, I am so alive to this
 “ sentiment, that, for fear of being defec-
 “ tive, I offer you every service in my
 “ power.”

I had told the prince, that if he would
 not do me the justice to let me know what
 offence I had given him, or the cause of his
 shyness, he ought to return the pistols; one
 or other was due to me and to himself; and
 therefore his highness *sneeringly* says, “ Shall
 “ I be free with you?—Will you accept some-
 “ thing in return?” He thought, probably,
 I would be above that: but I replied, “ Yes,

O o

“ I

“ I WILL ; ” and have thereby defeated *that mode of recompence* ; yet I would bett an hundred to one, that no return is made. Words *cost nothing* ; but returns are not to be made without something more substantial ; and I will sell the reversion of Prince Eugene’s sword, or whatever the return may be, for a pot of porter. So much for *Pais Bas* nobility. And I believe the truth is, that the nobility of all countries are in general the most contemptible ; that the highest, and lowest, of all nations are the worst ; and that honour, honesty, and generosity, prevail most among the middle class of mankind.

I find every thing in this country the sweeter for having left it, save only the abominable flavour of wine I left here, which was called good, and is, I believe, good port ; but time alone can bring me to relish such a composition of brandy and black berries. I have not lost the remembrance of *Mordecai Nofey’s* good claret at Brussels ; nor the price I might have been
led

led into, in consequence of a forged letter written in my name to Messrs. Longman and Broderip. In England, one may trust to the honour of a reputable tradesman; in France and Flanders, I never experienced a single instance of it; and an English merchant, who has resided many years at Marseilles, assured me, that there was not a merchant in that great city, who would not over-reach him if he could; but would boast also all over the town of having so done. To be a dealer in any thing is reckoned dishonourable in France; therefore the merchant having *nothing to lose*, attends only to gain.

Yours, &c.

L E T T E R.

IN reply to your last favour, I will readily own that though I believe your cousin's tutor to be a very honest, a very sensible, and a very learned man; nevertheless, I think he is the most improper man I know to accompany him in his continental tour. I never see him, that he does not instantly bring before my eyes that inimitable print of Mr. Charles Bunbury's, where the French *Aubergiste*, the young travelling esquire, and his reverend tutor, are so nicely characterised. I see almost every day a young traveller, under the care of such a reverend academician; than which, in my opinion, he cannot travel with a worse companion. There are, indeed, many clergymen possessed of the knowledge requisite for such a trust; but they must have been at the *university of Paris*, as well as that of Oxford or Cambridge, before they
 obtained

obtained it. But a mere parson, such as I in general meet with, is a litter, and an unprofitable expence. Had I a large fortune to give my son, he should have such a tutor as Dr. Moore ; he should visit Italy first, to catch the gravity of the Italian manners, and *then* put upon it the polish of the French on his way home ; he should not have a foreigner for his guide and tutor, however well qualified for the task he might be * ; as I am convinced no such man can be found, who would not consider what is most agreeable to himself, or his friends, rather than what is most fit and proper for his pupil. The travelling tutor, to a man of fortune, should not only be a gentleman born, but a gentleman in breeding ; a man of comely person, of graceful behaviour, good address, and a good scholar ; but not a *mere scholar* ; a man that hath travelled much ; a man of prudent, but good spirit, possessed of a cool temper, and one who had rather wave, with prudence, any misunderstanding, than maintain it too strictly ; a

* Not even the *Rev. Mons. Dytens*.

man of chearful conversation, and who possesses more sense than wit *; and whose conduct of life should be such, that his pupil may attend to his advice, and follow his example; he should have full power to return home whenever his pupil should attempt to shake off that authority, and trust, the parents of the pupil had reposed in him; and never be a party, or seem acquainted with any *irregularities which the heigh-day of youth* may lead his pupil to partake of; but above all, to restrain him from every sort of play, and the company, as much as possible, of improper women; few young men can resist either; because both are so *nearly allied*, and both so dangerous and destructive. How easy would it be for a foreign tutor to profit by an improper marriage of his pupil; or to gain, by winking at the *wiles* of a gaming table? But under the protection of such a governor as above described, it is certain that travelling is of infinite service to every young man; and it is observable, that the greatest men

* Nothing is so common as mere wit; nothing is so uncommon as MOTHER WIT.

the world has produced, have been great travellers. Charles the V. and Gustavus king of Sweden, were both great travellers; the first had been twice in England, twice in Africa, four times in France, six times in Spain, seven times in Italy, and nine in Germany; the second, had travelled *incognito* into Holland, France, Italy, and Germany, in his youth; and therefore, sneeringly, said to Marschal Breze, that he knew the way to Paris as well as to Stockholm. But surely no young Englishman should travel on the continent before he has made the tour of his native island; and such who have not, and make Paris their first foreign abode, must either be accompanied by a proper tutor, or be in imminent danger there, if they are not possessed of an uncommon share of mother wit, and a knowledge of the world, which is almost impossible for a young man under age to have attained.

I am, &c.

L E T,

LETTER

YOU have often heard of the famous mountain doctor in Switzerland; and therefore I shall give you some account of a Lowland doctor, no less extraordinary in his way;—a Mr. Bogens, of Lovain, called the God of Legs. He was an illiterate under-bred man, but who had a nostrum to cure ulcers in the legs, and with so much success, that patients came to him from every part of the Continent; and a friend of mine was present when a young lady of fashion was taken out of a litter, which brought her from Perpignan for the benefit of this man's assistance; nor was her journey unsuccessful; for she returned perfectly sound. Dr. Canvern, a physician of eminence at Brussels, and I believe Capt. Bodens also, are happy witnesses of Mons. Bogens's skill in this single branch of surgery. But that which established his fame and fortune too, beyond contradiction, was the extraordinary
cure

cure he performed on the Prince Charles of Lorrain's leg, after he had tried all the surgeons of Paris, and the Low Countries without benefit; and after he had given, in pictures and snuff-boxes to various surgeons, to the value of five thousand pounds; and yet he continued for many years a perfect cripple. At length somebody about the prince's person, mentioned the Lovain doctor, and informed his highness of the many extraordinary cures he had performed. Being sent for, and on examining the ulcer, he, in very rough unpolished language, said to the prince, "*Zounds! what is this all? why, we will walk to-morrow!*" His rude manner, and his seeming ignorance, had almost determined the prince to have dismissed him instantly; for he thought it impossible a man who had not set his foot to the ground for some years, should be able to walk the next day; yet he did walk the next day, and in a very short time after, was perfectly cured, and enjoyed eighteen years of life and health afterwards. Mr. Bogens is now dead; but

his son, whom the prince made his valet de chambre, is still living, and is equally qualified to perform the same cures; for neither father, or son, pretend to any surgical skill, farther than rolling the bandage, which he does in a most excellent and extraordinary manner. It seems that during a former war; a wounded German serjeant being quartered upon Mr. Bogens at Lovain, was treated by the family with so much humanity and kindness, that when he was able to join his corps, the serjeant, at taking his leave, lamented that he had it not in his power to make them some pecuniary recompence: "But," said he, "I will communicate to you a secret for healing ulcerated legs, that may prove highly beneficial to you and to your family." The prognostication proved true.—His patients are prohibited from eating hog's flesh, but otherwise, they may eat and drink as usual: and I have good reason to believe, that the whole secret is nothing more than scraped carrot,

carrot, or a poultice made from that root; not because I am at all in his secret, but that what he applies, is of a redish colour; and I know that scraped carrot alone will perform wonders in healing ulcers.

I am, &c.

P. S. I am this minute informed, that *Abbé Mann* will publish, very soon, his case and perfect cure of the gout.

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

SINCE the time of our Queen Elizabeth, you know the minstrels became infamous, and were deemed no better than rogues or vagabonds among us: in this country, however, they are very numerous, and their instruments seem to afford them (peace or war) an universal passport. The band, in general, consists of two or three men, and one woman, who is either handsome, or possesses a good voice, and sometimes both. When those *qualifications* meet in *Mademoiselle Cantator*, there is no resisting her charms; for *knowing mankind very early in life*, there is not a *manœuvre* of the eye, or finger, which she is not perfectly mistress of. The *tambour* in general is *this* lady's instrument; and it is really astonishing to see how dexterously adroit, and accurately in time, she beats the *accompagnement tat-too*. In one of my excursions from Bruges to Ghent, I found a troop of these people under

der the awning of the *treakscoote*; and when the bell rung for our departure, (for they never stay a minute for any body) the minstrels struck up, and by repeating their music and their *mimus* every half hour, rendered the day's journey very pleasing to me and my company; a circumstance *the lady* perfectly understood; for the minute we sat down to our supper at Ghent, the concert was renewed at our door; and when that was over, one of our company being related to the commandant, the martial music of all the troops on duty struck up, and entertained us till midnight.

Before I came into this country, I thought the discipline of the British and French troops was tolerably strict; but as every thing is by comparison, so I was soon convinced that neither the British, or French discipline, can bear that name, when put in competition with the discipline of the German troops; and yet I am told, that I should find a still greater difference between these troops and
those

those of the King of Prussia. The soldier here wears his white coat three years, and it must be always perfectly clean; at the expiration of which time he has a new one, and his old one is made into a waistcoat and breeches, and must serve three years more in that capacity; it is then dyed black to make gayters. The soldier is found in every article he can want for dress, even to his hair string and powder; but his net pay is only twopence halfpenny a-day! five farthings of which is put into the common mess, (eight men in each) and the other five farthings are for the *luxuries of life*. It fares better with the officers; for a captain of foot in the Imperial service, has an hundred guineas a year, a servant allowed him, and his livery furnished by the Emperor *. But when an officer neglects his duty, and repeats it two or three times, after the commandant has hinted it to him to be more attentive, he may be dismissed by the same

* A French captain of foot has only sixty Louis d'ors a year.

authority;

authority; and when I enquired what punishments they used, to maintain so strict a discipline, I was told *none!* i. e. the punishments are so severe, that no man risks the experiment. In the castle of Ghent I saw cloathing, arms, accoutrements, &c. for ten thousand horse and foot, all in the most perfect order, and all of it made within the castle walls by the hands of the soldiers. The German troops are in general sturdy well-looking men; but they are ill limbed, and certainly cannot have much more understanding among ten thousand of them, than may be found among a flock of ten thousand sheep, led about by a *bell-weather*. When I see a body of these unthinking men, I say to myself—Have those men immortal souls? No:—But Sir Isaac Newton, Shakespeare, Locke, Milton, &c. had immortal souls? Yes.—But was man designed *to think* by his Creator, further than to procure his necessary subsistence? No:—Because God could not create us to be unhappy, and he that thinks cannot be very happy. But as
you

you are a thinking man, I will leave these matters, which are so far out of my depth, to your *deep sea-lead* for *soundings*; and when you have nothing better to think of, don't forget

Yours, &c.

P. S. *Talking of thinking*, I must tell you, that I have had many long and serious conversations here with Mr. Silas Deane, a thinking man, a sensible man, and I think a well-meaning man; but yet he has so contrived it, that he cannot trust his person either in America, France, or Great-Britain! He is a piece of a Scotchman, was a school-master in some interior town in America, the same where *Betty Canning*, of *infamous memory*, was married to a simple man of small fortune, and where, Mr. Deane says, she was treated with that contempt which is due to an idle *trapes*, who told an idle story, not much more absurd, than that told by Archibald Bower, and his escape from the inquisition, twenty years before.

L E T T E R.

L E T T E R.

BRUSSELS.

ON my first journey from Ghent to Bruffels, by land, (for there is a *treak-scote* between those two cities) I found men raising immense stones from a vast depth, and where a very large space was laid open, and the soil (*all sand*) thrown up. These stone pits are about a league from Alost, and close on the left hand side of the road. On examining the stones, I found they were a perfect rich mass of petrified marine shells, and other exuviae, formed into stones almost as hard as marble. This induced me to descend into the pit, and there I had unquestionably a view of a former bed of the ocean. I mentioned this circumstance to *Abbé Mann*, and I found he was not only clear that all that track of land had been formerly covered by the ocean, and I think doubted even whether it was not actually

so covered, when the Romans invaded Britain. But as the Abbé (who is a man of profound knowledge) intends to favour the world with his sentiments on this, and other such subjects, equally interesting, I mention it only, that you may not pass by those marine quarries without looking at them; for they are certainly worthy of your notice. This subject, however, invites me to mention a circumstance I have never yet found any naturalist could account for, and that is, why the wilk spiral shells, which lie in such multitudes on the coast of Suffolk, near Landguard Fort, all turn as the cork-screw turns; and why the same shells, in every respect, are found in equal abundance all along the cliffs of the same coast, with this difference only, that the spiral is inverted. I have employed months, I may say years, to examine those *in* the cliffs, and those *under* the cliffs, on that shore, and I never could find a *live shell* which did not twist contrary to those in the cliff! Perhaps, as
I have

I have not the shells before me, I may be mistaken as to the turn they take, but I am confident that one sort is spiralled contrary to the other. I sent a pair of these shells to my late respectable friend Lord George Beauclerk, and we agreed to call the cliff shells *antedeluvians*. You know my once favourite cottage at Felixtow, which I bought for forty-five pounds, and which has since been sold for two thousand; and when you go that way, you will find the high cliff from thence to Bawdfey Ferry richly charged with the *antedeluvians*, and the beach under, covered with those of the *other turn*. If, as Abbé Mann suspects, a great part of the Low Countries were covered by the ocean, so lately as when the Romans invaded Britain; it is very probable, that our coast extended then much nearer to the continent side than it does at present; and perhaps the Goodwin Sands was at that time British *terra firma*; for it is well known, that what the sea borrows from one coast, it lends to the other. I have seen many instances of

it in narrow creeks in America; and if that is to be perceived in a year or two, what changes may it not make in many ages? It is evident that most parts of the known earth produce strong proofs that it has been covered by the sea, and proofs too, that it has been covered by the waters a much longer time than any tradition conveyed to us can account for. It is natural to conclude, therefore, that all the land of this planet was originally united, and that it has been divided into parcels by some of the convulsions of nature which we have seen, though in a less degree, in the present century, and which we have much reason to fear are only symptoms of a GREATER DISEASE in the BODY of our ORIGINAL PARENT. It is unnatural to suppose that the Creator of all things could WILL that such a speck of dirt as St. Helena, a little rock some hundred miles from any land; and yet, had a few inhabitants remained on that rock, when it was split away from its original block, and navigation or navigators had

had never been known, the inhabitants of St. Helena would have called it the world, and considered the sun, moon, and planets, all created for the use of two or three hundred beings, endued indeed with a superior knowledge to all other created beings, but imbittered thereby, by being the only living creature that lives under the fear of death; and, from a consciousness of their own demerits, doubtful whether they merit a better life hereafter: at least, this is the case of,

Dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

P. S. There is one advantage in travelling which should not be overlooked, and that is, in removing *that original curse* which was laid so early on mankind. The confusion of tongues renders men who are disposed to assist and serve one another, unable to perform it; and as St. Austin said, "A man
" had better be with his dog, than with
" men

“ men whose language he does not understand.” Travelling, therefore, not only removes that great obstacle, but it teaches, or ought to teach men, to consider all others, of whatever nation or religion they are of, as his fellow-creatures, and equally intitled to every friendly office, accidents or pecuniary distress may occasion.—A Scotchman, an Englishman, and a Frenchman, were drove on shore on the coast of Suffolk, in the utmost distress, some years since, opposite my cottage on that coast. I administered all the comforts my house could afford them; but I had no sooner cheered the hearts of my two countrymen, than they called me on one side, and in a whisper informed me, “ *that the Frenchman did not belong to them!*” I could not avoid covering them with shame, by observing in my turn, that neither did they belong to me; and that the Frenchman had as just a claim on my little services as they had: but I did not tell them that he was, *after such an illiberal hint*, much more the *guest of my heart* than they were; but I
fancy

fancy they perceived it; for my servants felt their bounty the next morning by a donation of two guineas, for drying their cloaths and making their beds; while the poor Frenchman (not accustomed to partake of unpaid for hospitality) very gratefully offered to pay me. They had sailed from Dunkirk the day before, in a sloop laden with eggs;—the pump was choaked up, a gale of wind came on, and they had been all the preceding night on their knees, not at prayers, but bayling the water out of their leaky bark with their hats; and their knees were as raw as if the skin had been cut off with a penknife. The Frenchman, indeed, did not bayl, but he offered up his prayers; and who knows but God, how much his prayers might prevail towards the preservation of such contemptible companions?

L E T T E R.

L E T T E R.

Translation from the Italian of PETER PAUL
RUBENS.

Honourable S I R,

YES, Sir, it is true, *Madame* the king's
sister was married the 11th of May,
by *procuracion* from the King of England, to
the Duke of Chevreuse. The ceremony
was performed by the Cardinal La Roche-
faucault, with a solemnity usual on such
occasions; as your honour will be particu-
larly informed by other written and printed
accounts, to which I must refer you: for a
misfortune which happened to your brother,
Signor de Valavez, quite disconcerted me,
and deprived me from taking any notice of
the solemnization in question; for being
with him, on the same scaffold, which had
been erected for the English belonging to
the

the ambassador's retinue, they came in vast numbers, and suddenly increasing the weight by such an immense croud, that it gave way, and it was with the utmost horror and grief that I beheld your brother fall down with the rest; at which time I had but just power enough to move from the falling scaffold to an adjacent one; for fortunately I stood at the extremity of that which remained standing, *ut solemus aliquando duobus solles* *; but from which no person could descend without being in great danger. Thus situated, I could neither see your honour's brother, nor learn what had been his fate; so that, under the utmost anxiety, I was compelled to wait till the ceremony was over, and then I immediately went to his house, and with the deepest affliction found him with a wound in his forehead, although among thirty men who fell with him, I have not heard of any one being either wounded or materially hurt. The scull, however, is not injured, but only the flesh; and if it

* Utterly unintelligible; but so it stands from the Italian copyist.

were not for the contusion, I think the wound would heal in a few days. He is, God be thanked, without any fever, having had the earliest assistance, and recourse to bleeding and proper treatment; I hope, therefore, to see him in a few days reinstated to his former health. What adds to his uneasiness is, that this accident happened at the juncture of the *Legate's arrival*, which he fears will prevent his solemnizing it according to his own and your honour's wishes, in respect to his eminence and his retinue. It is not possible yet to learn precisely the day his eminence makes his *entré* into Paris; but it is certain that he arrived last Saturday at Orleans, and this day, the 13th, he will lodge at Estampes. The journey of this prelate has hitherto been attended with inauspicious omens; for his secretary and uncle, Signor Malgaloti, has been attacked, since his arrival at this court, with a disorder, that his physicians pronounce will prove fatal; being, they say, beyond the reach of medicine. In case your honour's brother should not recover his health so as to introduce

duce me, I shall find some way of paying my respects to those distinguished persons, whom your honour in your letter represents, nay paints, in such lively colours, viz. Signor Aleandro, of whom your honour has learnt so many important things in so short a period, which I thought you perfectly knew before; but if I can obtain some familiar conversation with him, I might indeed be thoroughly informed and instructed by him. I should also have been proud to have paid my respects to the Chevalier del Pozzo, and to Signor Doni, who are both gentlemen of high reputation and fame, particularly in the knowledge of antiquities and elegant literature. I am very solicitous about my private affairs, which are much injured by the public ones; it being impossible for me, by great pressure of the latter at this period, to speak to the queen about my private concerns, without being intruding and too impertinent. I shall, however, exert all my feeble talents to obtain leave before the departure of the

new illustrious spouse, which will take place at Whitsuntide; and her mother, the reigning queen, will accompany her as far as Boulogne, and the king as far as Amiens. I am certain that the royal mother is pleased with my work, for so she has expressed herself verbally to me, and so she speaks of it to all she converses with. The king also did me the honour to visit the gallery, for the first time he ever set foot in that palace, though it is sixteen years since the building of it commenced, and his majesty viewed our paintings with the greatest satisfaction; for so it has been reported to me by all those who were present; and particularly by Monsieur de St. Ambrogio, who used great adroitness and *dissimulation*, when he explained the subjects, by concealing or changing the true sense or meaning of some of them. I believe I mentioned to your honour, that a picture I painted, which represented the departure of the queen from Paris, has been removed; and that I have replaced it with another, which represents
the

the felicity of her regency, and the flourishing state of the kingdom of France, by the revival of the arts, and sciences, through the splendour and liberality of her majesty, who being seated on a splendid throne, holds a scale in one hand, and by her prudence and equity, keeps the whole world in equilibrium. This subject having no relation whatever to state politics of the present reign, nor applicable to any individual but the queen, has been much applauded; and, I think, if they had trusted all other subjects to us, we should have done it without any murmur or scandal whatever; and therefore I fear we shall meet with difficulties relative to the subjects of the other gallery, * which should be easy and unexceptionable: the argument is so, being so copious and magnificent, that it would be sufficient for ten

* Cardinal Richlieu perceived too late, that he had directed some pictures relative to *the new conceptions* to be painted, which gave great offence, by being improperly explained by his enemies. Such things were of importance in those days; but in these, the painting alone is the object attended to.

galleries.

galleries. I have delivered to his eminence, Cardinal de Richlieu, the sketches; but he is so occupied with state affairs, that he has not yet had time to examine them; and I am determined, in case of obtaining my leave, to set out immediately, and leave to him, and Signor de St. Ambrogio, the care of transmitting me, at their leisure, the sketches, mangled, altered, and confused, as they please to return them, as in a year after I shall be at Anvers. In short, I am tired of this court; and it may be, that if they do not cause me to depart with a suitable recompence, for the punctuality with which I have served the royal mother, I will never return again: but this is a secret between me and you. Indeed I must say the truth, I could not till now, complain of her majesty, many unavoidable obstacles lay in the way: however, the time passes away, to my great detriment by being absent from home. We have no news from Belgio. The blockade of Breda continues as it was; so we learnt by letters of the

the 10th instant. They are without ammunition; but they cannot remain so long, as both, formidable armies, are encamped so near each other.

I recommend myself to your honour's favour, and with humble and most cordial obsequiousness,

I am,

Honourable SIR,

Yours, &c.

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

Paris, from the Chamber of your Brother,
May the 13th, 1625.

P. S. I feel for the misfortune of your honour's brother, as if it had happened to myself; he never having neglected, on all occasions, to employ his good offices towards me, as well in small as in great matters, such as I could have expected from my own brother.

L E T T E R.

L E T T E R.

Translated from the Italian of PETER PAUL
RUBENS.

Honourable SIR,

ACCORDING to your orders, Sir, Signor Aleandro promises me not to let the other gentleman see these prints; I therefore send them to you untouched, as you will perceive. I think that, besides *the two largest camels*, you will find *the triumphal car* very fine, and well worthy of your attention, for its being constructed in a manner uncommon in front, and a variety of assemblages, which I would be glad Signor Aleandro would explain to me; and also to acquaint me with the name of the emperor who resembles *Theodosius* more than any other: the other particularities about him, suit better with *Aurelian*, or *Probus*. The figures which are placed on the sides of the conqueror, holding lights and globes in their hands, appear to me, entitled to particular notice. You will receive by the first stage
that

that shall set out, either from Anvers or Bruffels, some copies of *Electorum Rubenii, cum Commentariis Astoiris, & parentalibus Rubenis, & Epistolis Isidori*; which, together, form a volume too great to be forwarded with the mail. I am surprized at this delay, which is indeed very great, being already twenty days since my departure; yet Signor Frarin wrote to me on the 19th of June, that the plate was ready, and for which he should have paid the day following. — I am also uneasy about the want of punctuality in Monsieur d'Argouges, as I wrote to you by the last mail, who, I am doubtful, has not yet complied; for Signor Parix having wrote nothing to me by that mail, is what gives rise to this suspicion. I will, however, hope, that all this originates rather from neglect or delay, than from any other cause; it being impossible for me to believe that Signor St. d'Ambrogio will hesitate to make a punctual satisfaction to Mons. Frarin, or at least to give him security, that the bills of exchange will not be revoked; par-

S s

ticularly,

ticularly, as I made a handsome present to Monf. d'Argouges, (be it said secretly between us only) which present he seemed to accept with infinite pleasure.—I hope for better news by the next post. As for public news, we have but little. Her Most Serene Highness the Infanta is still at Breda; she is, however, expected in a day or two to return to this city.—The Dutch are now fortifying *Sevenberghen*; and, in order to prevent our people from hindering them in their work, they have laid all the country around it under water.—The Queen of England arrived on the 22d of June at Dover, in perfect health.—If I mistake not, the King had set out from that place but a few days before, for want of provisions, which it is difficult to transport thither, as the English say, in such abundance as may last a long time for so great a court as that which attended his Majesty. But you are, perhaps, informed of all this, Sir, and how the King came afterwards to meet with her,

her, and of what ceremonies passed on this occasion.

Recommending myself to your favour, with humble and cordial obsequiousness, I remain,

Honoured Sir,

Anvers,
July 3, 1625.

Your Servant,

(Signed) PETER PAUL RUBENS.

P. S. I HAVE conversed with Signor Roukox relative to our undertaking, who finds every thing well concerted for him to have a share in it, provided it shall certainly be carried into execution. He is a gentleman, and is well versed in antiquity, and might contribute, *suum symbolum*, his observations, and have a share in the honour, though I know he would not be an *obolus in the expences*, as he has no right to it. He is rather rich, and without issue, but œconomic, and is, in every point, an honest man, of great reputation. He is well known

to your brother, Signor de Prirese, who has been intimately acquainted with him. I shall be glad if you will please, Sir, to acquaint your brother and Signor Aleandro of this matter, as we need assistance, in order to carry our undertaking to a prosperous state. I am surprized that he has not wrote to me at this time, nor given me notice of his departure. The letter of Mons. du Pay to Mons. Gaenastro is properly placed.

LETTER.

L E T T E R.

Translation from the Italian of PETER PAUL
RUBENS.

Honourable S I R,

IT seems to me an age since I have received any intelligence of your Honour. Our correspondence was interrupted by *my journey into Spain*, which journey her Most Serene Highness the Infanta, ordered should take place with such secrecy and dispatch, that she would not permit me to see any of my friends *, not even the Spanish

* That a man who possessed such inimitable talents as a painter, such an excellent heart, and so great a capacity, should be obliged to submit to such an arbitrary and insolent injunction, (however high the rank of the person who enjoined it was to be rated) is a disgrace to power, a libel on human nature, and ought to instruct every man living, how to put the robe of a tyrant, or a *tyranteſs*, aside; to see them stript of the trappings of state, and to know, that nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand, the *commanded* is a more respectable being than the *commander*.

ambaffador,

ambassador, nor the Flemish secretary resident in Paris. I must own, that I thought it very severe upon me to be compelled to pass through a town so dear to me, without being able to pay my homage to Monsieurs Depuis, Monsieur de St. Ambrogio, and others, my patrons and masters; nor can I find words adequate to express what grief I felt on the occasion of such disappointment. It is out of my power to penetrate into the secrets of princes; but it is, however, true, that *the King of Spain had given me orders to come by post*; and, perhaps, her Most Serene Highness, my mistress, thought that, through the great business which I ever had with the Queen, her mother, I might easily have been detained for some days at that court. I am employed here in painting, the same as I have ever been elsewhere; and have already done the *equestrian portrait* of his Majesty, to his greatest satisfaction, who plainly appears to be exceedingly fond of painting; and, in my opinion, I may say, that this prince is endowed with fine talents.

Of

Of this I have daily experience ; for *having rooms allowed to me in the palace, he comes to see me almost every day.*—I have also accurately drawn and painted all the heads of the royal family at my leisure, and in their presence, for the use of her Most Serene Highness the Infanta, my mistress, who has given me leave, at *my return, to make the tour of Italy.* I hope, therefore, if God pleases, to avail myself of the opportunity of the *passage of the Queen of Hungary, from Barcelona to Genoa, which, it is thought, will certainly take place at the end of next March.* Perhaps such peregrination, on my part, may be diverted a little from the royal road towards Provence, were it for no other reason than to pay my homage to Signor Peirescio, and enjoy for some days the happiness of his most pleasing company at his own residence, and which must be a museum of all the curiosities in the world. On my journey (going a little out of my road) I was spectator to the assault of La Rochelle, which fight appeared to me worthy

thy of much admiration; and I congratulate myself with your Honour, and with all Christendom, for the success of this most glorious enterprize.

Having nothing farther to signify to your Honour, I conclude, with paying my humble and most cordial obsequiousness to you, and to Signor de Valavez; and intreating both to continue me in your kind favour, I remain,

Honourable SIR,

Your devoted Servant,

Madrid, }
2d Dec. 1625 }

(Signed) PETER PAUL RUBENS.

P. S. I hope your Honour has already received my picture, which I delivered many days before my departure from Anvers, to the care of Signor Pyequeri's brother-in-law, according as I have been directed.

I have

I have not yet met in this place with any Antiquarian, nor seen either medals or cabinets; owing, perhaps, to my present close application to painting; but I will make a diligent enquiry about those matters, and acquaint your Honour in due time, though, I fear, my best endeavours will prove fruitless.

T t

APPEN.

A P P E N D I X.

I CANNOT lay down my pen without making a few strictures on the conduct of that *set of gentlemen who collect and compose matter* for the Monthly and Critical Reviews; *gentlemen who call themselves impartial reviewers of books.*

Many years since, I published some Observations on the Customs and Manners of the French Nation, (for I am not the author of a book called, *The Gentleman's Guide through France*) and when these gentlemen *réviewers* gave their account of my observations, &c. they commenced *theirs*, in the following *gentleman-like* manner:—"We know not how it happens, that men who are dangerous in their social, are general-
" ly

" ly despicable in their literary capacity.
 " Cannot a fellow who, by a train of unpa-
 " ralleled indulgences, is suffered to carry
 " his ears out of one kingdom into another,
 " wear them peaceably?—But hold—
 " what are we talking about?—We have
 " mistaken the book—That which we
 " mean to review, is *Observations, &c. by*
 " *the Author of Man Midwifery Analysed.*"—
 Ay;—there lay the sting—which was point-
 ed at my ears!—This *book midwife* was a
man midwife also; and therefore all the
dreadful instruments of his art were brought
 forth, to maul the head of the author.—
 Yes, gentlemen, I am the author of that
wicked book; and it is the only one I claim
 any merit in the performance of. It ex-
 poses a practice, as dangerous as it is inde-
 cent. But before I let it go forth, I put it
 into the hands of Dr. Lawrence, then presi-
 dent of the college of physicians, and a man
 of the first eminence, who encouraged me
 to publish it, and said it bid fair to put a stop
 to a practice not only indecent, but of so
 T t 2 dangerous

dangerous and evil a tendency, that the legislative power ought to join with me in suppressing it: and I have good reason to believe, that the licentious behaviour of the women of this country, was first introduced by Doctor Smellie's chapter on *touching young married ladies* during the *third* and *fourth* months of their pregnancy *; and therefore every man who has thoughts of marrying, and every woman who possesses the least degree of sentiment, decency, or modesty, should either read *Man Midwifery analysed*, or Dr. Smellie's *Art of Midwifery*. The second edition of the former has been long out of print; but the latter is to be found in every bookseller's shop, and ought to be seriously attended to, by every man of sense, and by every woman of virtue: for nothing but the unnecessary fears of the

* It is a piece of justice due to Mrs. G——m M——y to say, that till she submitted to the *touch* of a villain, whose *cantharidated* fingers conveyed *fire* and *fury* wherever he went, her mind was wholly employed on literary subjects *only*.

ladies,

ladies, and the inattention of their husbands, hinders that practice from falling again into the hands of women. The Athenian matrons would not suffer the men to practice it; and shall British ladies be less delicate than the Romans, the Athenians, or any of the polished nations of antiquity? Mrs. Kennon, who brought the present king into the world, put a five hundred pound bank note into Dr. Nicholls's hands in the last hour of her life, for writing and publishing the PETITION OF THE UNBORN BABES, which was to rescue them from the scizars, forceps, hooks, crotchets, and other instruments of death.

But to return to the gentlemen *book midwives*. In my *Years Journey through France, and Part of Spain*, there was nothing, they said, in it new; and they hinted pretty strongly, that it abounded with falsehoods. But *that opinion only remained while the copy was my own property*; for it was no sooner sold to a canting bookseller, than long extracts were

were given from Mr. Thicknesse's *own well chosen words*; for *then*, they had been wonderfully and highly entertained in the perusal of the work. In reviewing PERE PASCAL DEFENDED, they divided their acrimony pretty equally between the author, and the noble Lord it was addressed to; but when a parson of Worcester, who *professes himself a stranger to both parties*, undertakes to defend the noble Lord, then they think the parson's defence is a sufficient justification of my *petulant attack*. But notwithstanding the defence of Lord C——y, by the *Worcester parson and citizen*; notwithstanding the shameful manner in which the Monthly, and Critical Reviewers have prostituted their pens, to soften off the noble Lord's conduct towards me, and that virtuous man Pere Pascal, I am content to stand or fall even by what the Monthly Reviewers have themselves *first* said on the matter; though they have thought proper, in reviewing the noble Lord's defender, to swallow their own words: for thus they stand,

stand, after stating the matter and cause of the publication :

“ We have entered into the particulars
 “ of this awkward paltry affair, from an
 “ opinion that the choicest vegetable pro-
 “ ductions of a mountain could be collected
 “ with little more trouble, and sent at the
 “ same expence with the meanest: and
 “ that if a man with the least tincture of
 “ nobility in his spirit, had, by a friendly
 “ negociation, procured literally nothing
 “ better than docks and weeds, he would
 “ nevertheless have acquitted himself by
 “ indemnifying all parties handsomely, and
 “ thus have left them nothing to boast of
 “ but the success of a fraud. Of *fraud*,
 “ however, no one who has read the account
 “ given by Mr. Thicknesse of the amiable
 “ Father Pascal, will entertain the smallest
 “ suspicion.” See Monthly Review, vol.
 57, p. 207, where the reader will also find
 the description of the wonderful *Mont-*
serrat.

The

The above is the substance of the Monthly Reviewers' remarks on my defence of Pere Pascal; and yet, after an *anonymous defender* of the noble Lord's conduct is published, these same Monthly Reviewers assert, that it "seems to them a fair and no improper *expostulation with me on my late petulant attack* on the character of Lord C——y;" adding, "that the defender thought my attack an insult offered to society in the person of the Earl." How the Monthly Reviewers can acquit themselves of two such opposite opinions, is their business to explain; but it is mine to say, that Lord C——y, almost a stranger to me, furnished me with the Latin name of almost every tree, shrub, and flower, which grow on Montserrat, and then told me, I could render him a favour which no other man in Britain could render him, which was, to apply to the monks of that mountain to procure him the seeds and bulbs of flowers peculiar to that singular spot; and that whatever *expence attended the*
collecting

collecting and sending them hither, he would most chearfully repay. I accordingly wrote a most pressing letter to Pere Pascal, and urged him to collect, or employ persons to collect the seeds, &c.; assuring him, that the noble Lord was not only a great man, but a good man, and a *rich* man. A correspondence was kept up between us for near two years, at a great expence, beside postage of letters to me, * and eighteen *pecettoes* (shillings) to Pere Pascal; and at length two boxes arrived; one, containing seventy-four parcels of seeds, all marked and numbered, says the HONEST MONK; and the other, containing bulbs of flowers.—“I am really
 “ thankful,” says the noble Lord, “for
 “ what I could not have obtained by any
 “ other means; and whatever expence may
 “ have attended this VALUABLE CARGO *in*
 “ *its* passage to England, I shall GRATE-
 “ FULLY PAY TO YOUR ORDER.” Pere

* The Spaniards, by way of respect, put their letters under two or three covers.

Pascal's original letters to me were all translated as they were received, and sent to the noble Lord; in the last of which he says, " I am always happy to hear of your health and prosperity; but I must inform you, that the postage of *your letters only* has cost me eighteen *pecettoes*, which is a great sum out of a poor monk's pocket." Now, could those seeds be collected on a mountain sixteen miles in circumference, in the hot autumn of a Spanish climate, without great fatigue? Could they be packed up in separate boxes, and all marked and numbered at Montserrat, and then sent forty miles to the monk's agent at Barcelona, and there embarked and sent to England, without many additional expences?—They could not.—Well then—what did his Lordship give to defray the expence of collecting, the expence of postage of the monk's letters, and the expence we had all been put to, for I was at some pounds expence?—His Lordship paid into Mr. Brown's hands ONE POUND ONE! and when I represented

to

to his Lordship, that I was not only some pounds out of pocket myself, and that the monk was still unpaid even for the postage of his letters, he is pleased to tell me, he will give me *a guinea, or two guineas more*; but that he “never *bought docks and weeds at so high a price!*”—And when I, in reply to such an *extraordinary and ill-timed discovery*, charged his Lordship with being unjustly offended with me, he writes—

“Could I be offended with you?—could I
 “be offended with a gentleman, who, being
 “almost an entire stranger to me, oblig-
 “ingly undertook to write into a foreign
 “country to procure me some seeds of the
 “growth of that country?—Could I be
 “offended with him for having punctually
 “executed the commission, &c.”—May I
 then, not say, without being “*petulant?*”
 have I not just reason to be offended?—May
 I not say, that my most respectable and
 virtuous friend at Montserrat is at this day
 eighteen *pecettoes* out of pocket for postage
 of letters only?—may I not say, that the

apothecary is still unpaid for collecting *the docks and weeds?* and may I not observe, that the monk, for boxes, package, and carriage to Barcelona, is still unpaid; and that I am myself several pounds out of pocket, for having punctually "*executed his Lordship's commission?*" without being charged by an anonymous blockhead, *with offering an insult to society*, by endeavouring to raise, by the sale of my pamphlet, something to indemnify me, and repay the monk and apothecary? for we have hitherto had only *one guinea between us* for all our FAITHFUL AND PUNCTUAL SERVICES. And may I not now observe, that though a Worcester parson, in hopes, perhaps, of getting a living of the noble Lord, might be tempted to publish what he calls a vindication of his Lordship's conduct, does it become *Impartial Reviewers*, to stand forth, in direct contradiction to what they had before said in reviewing Pere Pascal's defence; to say it is their opinion that the *Worcester citizen's* letter, is a fair expostulation with me on my late

"petulant

“*petulant attack*” on the character of a noble Lord? However, I should have let this paltry business pass unnoticed, if I had not heard, when I arrived at Brussels, that the monks of Montserrat (as well they might) would not believe that some generous return had not been made to me, and that I had neglected to remit it to them; and *THAT IT WAS*, which roused me to do them and myself justice.—*JUSTICE* I should not say;—for they are still unpaid!—and so am I!—but they are now satisfied that I did not abuse their kindness when I was there, nor defraud them since I came hither. The noble Lord’s own letters annexed to my pamphlet, will acquit me in spite of his *unknown vindicator*—in spite of the petulance of the *gentlemen reviewers*, or I am much mistaken. But if any one honest sensible man, who reads the statement of this business, will say upon his honour, that I have injured the noble Lord, and that I am the aggressor, I will openly and publicly acknowledge my error, and ask his pardon;

but

but at present it appears to me, that I am out of pocket; that Pere Pascal is out of pocket; and I think I have just cause to be a little (*with the reviewers' leave*) out of temper. But in order to save Messrs. Hamilton, Griffiths, and Co. trouble, and in particular the wife of the latter (for she, I understand, is one of the reviewers) they are presented with the following observations on this publication, as near as can be, *after their own manner*:

A Year's Journey through the Pais Bâs, and Austrian Netherlands, by P. THICKNESSE.
Price 10s. 6d.

For the **CRITICAL REVIEW.**

“No bookfeller's name!—Good:—very good:—and a good reason,—because no bookfeller would publish it.——Would to God the fellow had forfeited his fingers, as well as his ears; it would have saved us the trouble of drudging through the Lord knows

knows how many cock and a bull stories, which have no more to do with the Austrian Netherlands, than it has with the inhabitants of Kamtschatka. The fellow tells us a great many strange things about priests, executions, high mass, &c.; and though he pretends to look upon the Papists as a dangerous set of men to live amongst, yet we see him dipping his fingers into holy water, and we think we see also a *snake in the grass*."

For the MONTHLY REVIEW.

"A YEAR'S Journey through — *yes — quite through* — the Austrian Netherlands! for our *mighty traveller* went on quite as far as Spa, and Aix-la-Chappelle, and there, frightened an ingenious and respectable physician out of the city, only for spelling *one word wrong*! — Then returns to Spa, and back again to England, to inform his *ignorant countrymen*, that England, with all its imperfections, is the loveliest spot of earth on the *habitable globe*! What a wonderful discovery!!

discovery!!—Whether the fellow's journies are at an end, or not, we will not take upon us to say; we may, however, (we hope) be permitted to wish, that we may never more travel over *unknown lands* with such an ignorant, petulant, uninformed *wanderer*; a fellow, who has the impudence to contrast the virtues of a simple, bigotted monk of Montserrat, in Spain, to those of a nobleman of his own country, who is known to be one of the most generous and benevolent peers in Great-Britain: nay, even his own son, his own flesh and blood, has not escaped that general petulance, which we always observe, is an attendant on Ignorance and Incapacity. In justice, therefore, to a young nobleman, thus basely traduced by his own father, it is but a tribute we owe to Truth to say, that he is a virtuous young nobleman; affectionate to all his relations; a good husband, a tender father, and punctual pay-master; and that he does not, according to the prevailing mode of the present times, live beyond his income, or take advantage

advantage of his parliamentary and personal protection ; for though he might borrow a thousand pounds, or so, of his own father, yet it was his own mother's own money, and he had a right to it. That he has always behaved to his petulant father with respect, we have this fellow's own word for ; as he acknowledges, that in all his letters his Lordship addressed him, *Honoured Sir*, except in one, when he had the assurance to demand the interest of his money ; then, indeed, he with great propriety called his father, *Sir **, and told him upon that occasion, *he was only his humble servant,* AUDLEY."

* This piece of wit, however, is not his Lordship's own, he borrowed it of his younger brother, Philip ; for Philip having, when a little boy, committed a fault, his brother, George, (now the Right Hon. *George Touch-it*, Baron Audley) went in the dead of night, fired a pistol at his brother Philip's bedchamber door, and, in a feigned voice, told him he was Beelzebub, the devil, who came to know what he had done with the cream-ladle and bucket : Philip, very much frightened, called the devil *Sir*, and told his *Darkness* where he had hid it.

LEST it should appear, by what I have said in the Fifteenth Letter, that I have boasted improperly of family pedigree, &c. it may be proper, for my own sake, to add, that I have since seen Edmondson's peerage, and finding therein my name only, (and that not even spelt right) I asked why the table he had prepared at so much trouble, as he says, to himself, and some to me, was not inserted? He informed me, (*as the Lord directed, I suppose*) that the peer's name being changed to *Touch-it*, rendered it unnecessary: so that with grief, I see, it appears, that *one* Philip Thicknesse was the father of one *George Touch-it*; who, with great propriety and satisfaction to me and all my family, has taken a *more suitable name*; for indeed he did *Touch* me out of a thousand guineas, like what he certainly is—a *Lord*: but he should remember, that *one* Lord Audley was beheaded on Tower-hill for *Touching it*, and *two others* were hanged at Tyburn; and *God only knows what*

what may happen hereafter :—I only know, that I and all my family are happy to renounce any claim of consanguinity to him, or *his*.

✂ Monsieur L'Abbé Mann, whose letter, and whose heart, may be seen in this book, has just published in the foreign prints, the particulars of his long and severe sufferings by the gout, and the means whereby he is, and has been for five years, perfectly free from that disorder; a copy of which has been transmitted to me, and which I intended to have annexed to these sheets, but have been advised to publish it in another form.—In the mean time, any gentleman, sufferer by the gout, who wishes to see it, may, before it goes to the press.

P. T.

T H E E N D.

* * * QUERIES to LORD AUDLEY, Price One Shilling each, are sold at Mr. Fores's, Book and Print-seller, opposite the White Bear, in Piccadilly; where the Purchaser may see the head and hand of Count Struenzee, and where may be had Mrs. Thicknells's, and most of Mr. Thicknells's other publications.

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